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HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?
READ ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.

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Our New Serial Story.

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

Thomas W. Knox

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in Liberty, a New England village. Dick is the son of John Graham, a workingman, who is addicted to drink. The downward course of the latter, until he becomes a sot, so far under the control of the rum appetite that he cannot touch liquor without getting wildly intoxicated, is given in detail. His family come to want, and he loses his employment. He is finally put into jail on suspicion of robbery, which he did not commit. The forced abstinence from rum while imprisoned makes him try once more to reform. In this he is seconded by Dr. Green, who treats inebriety as a disease, and other citizens. John Graham is given work by a farmer, who pays his wages to Mrs. Graham, thus not allowing him to have any money to buy rum. Dick, then a lad, is taken as clerk in Mr. Webster's store. He proves himself industrious, zealous and faithful, and saves the store from robbery by trapping two burglars in the cellar. Dick has a boyish liking for Sarah Gove, a girl of about his own age, who lives alone with her father, who is a confirmed drunkard. Their affection went on for years, until her father was finally imprisoned for theft, and Sarah became "help" in a farmer's family. Dick and Sarah then became formally engaged. Mr. Varney, a wealthy New York merchant, whose boyhood home was in Liberty, revisited the place and renewed his old-time acquaintance with Mr. Webster, Dick's employer. He is attracted by the good qualities of Dick, and proposes to take him into his employ in New York. Dick goes to the city and begins work. He lives at a boarding-house with a number of his fellow-clerks. They sneer at his temperance principles, and nickname him "Teetotaller Dick." Although Mr. Varney required all his clerks to abstain from intoxicants, Dick finds that some of them drink outside of business hours, they interpreting his requirement to mean that they were to abstain only while actually at work. Dick proposes to ask Mr. Varney if that interpretation is correct, but his fellow-clerks ask him not to do so. They finally decide to get Dick drunk by stratagem, in order that he may be prevented from mentioning the matter to Mr. Varney.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CONSPIRACY.

NICK'S letter to his mother concerning New York and its peculiarities contains much food for reflection.

Eight thousand barrooms and 400 churches! What a spectacle for a civilized community! And the bar-rooms are in operation every day and a large part of the night, while the churches are open for a few hours only, but once a week, with comparatively few exceptions. The four hundred pulpits are supplied by four hundred clergymen and priests, while the barrooms require the services of not less than sixteen thousand men, each of them needing at least one assistant in addition to the proprietor.

The great city is in the control of the liquor interest, as every resident fully understands. There are some districts in which the respectable and non-drinking element prevails, but they are neither large nor numerous, and when it comes to elections the rum power has practically full sway. Two or three districts can send to the state assembly representatives who are in favor of temperance legislation but for every such representative there are four or five who oppose anything that will interfere with the traffic in intoxicants. In local matters the Board of Aldermen generally has a majority of liquor dealers among its members and there is always a sufficient representation of the rum interest to prevent any hostile action by the board.

Let us make a few figures on our own account to see how the rum interest in New York obtains its power.

For the eight thousand bar-rooms there must be eight thousand proprietors or managers; each bar must have at least one assistant, and many of them have two or more assistants. It is safe to say that there are at least 20,000 voters concerned in the sale of liquors, and there can be no possible question as to how their votes will be cast. Next we may count that each bar-room has not less than five other voters among its patrons and friends, or the friends of the men interested in the business, and this will give us an aggregate of $100,000 voters, or 120,000 in all. To this number add the men employed in distilleries and breweries, the distillers and brewers themselves, together with their surroundings of friends, for these men are proverbially good fellows, and spend liberally the money derived from their trade. Twenty thousand is said to be a low estimate of this class of men, and another 10,000 can be obtained among those who indirectly depend upon the brewing and distilling business; dealers in malt and other materials, machinery, buildings, and the like. Then another 10,000 can be found among those who consider the liquor industry as legitimate as any other, and though not themselves hard drinkers, are unwilling to see any interference with the work of making drunkards. They are firm believers in the theories of our old friend Major Fisher concerning personal liberty and the right of every man to do as he pleases without regard to the results.

The above gives us a total of 160,000 votes in favor of the rum interest; but we have left out of the calculation the large mass of men who find the bar-room a convenient place to visit whenever they feel like taking a drink; and many of them feel the inclination on very frequent occasions. Their number, from the nature of the case, cannot be accurately ascertained; but one thing is certain, their votes, added to those of the classes above enumerated, are sufficient to carry the elections, in every instance, by an overwhelming majority. This majority is never less than 30,000, and in some years has been much higher. No law for the restriction of the liquor traffic has ever been sanctioned by the inhabitants of the city of New York, considerate as an aggregate; all the restrictive legislation has come through the influence of the rest of the Empire State; and it is no wonder that the liquor interest believes that the city should be allowed to manage its own affairs without interference from the country districts of the state of New York.

Let us make some other figures. To pay its expenses, rent, support of proprietor and his family, the wages of assistants, etc., each bar-room must take in, on the average, not less than $30 daily, at the lowest estimate. For 8,000 bar-rooms this amounts to a daily receipt of $240,000, and doubtless this is a very low figure, as it is well known that the receipts of many places aggregate several hundred dollars during each 24 hours. A quarter of a million dollars daily! nearly one hundred millions of dollars every year for one city alone! Not only is this money wasted, but it is a great deal wore than wasted, as it causes diseases, shortens the lives of the drinkers, brings want and sorrow to many households, fills the prisons, jails, hospitals and lunatic asylums, and increases the taxes which all citizens must bear in proportion to their taxable property. Abolish the rum traffic, *pulverize the rum power*, in this one city, and what an addition would be made to the wealth of its inhabitants and the happiness of thousands of homes!

The plot that was laid to secure the ruin of Dick Graham by those who did not like the example of his teetotalism was as follows:

We have seen that in the boarding house where he lived there were several clerks who were not employed by Mr. Varney. Some of them were to be induced to get Dick intoxicated, and in such a way that the Varney clerks, who lived in the same house, would be entirely innocent of any complicity in the matter. He was to be invited to join them in a little harmless amusement, and as he could not be induced to enter a place where liquor was sold, the affair was to come off in the boarding house.

The fellows readily entered into the plot, as they considered it a capital lark, and one which would give them a whole evening's fun at little cost. A bottle of whiskey was brought and a few bottles of beer together with some cigars of the 'tufa' variety, (tufa a cent.) Some of the smokers, wishing to give a Spanish sounding name to their cigars, dubbed them "stinkadoras," and the odor they emitted fully justified the title. Not only would it afford them sport to get the young "hayseed" intoxicated, but it would be a triumph to succeed in dragging him down to their own level. Vice always looks with envy upon virtue; its devotees seek to bring all to the same plane, not by improving their own conduct, but by the debauchery of those whom they know to be their betters.

The preparations for the festivity also included a pot of tea for Dick's especial use, and the manager of the affair laid great stress upon it, so that the youth would feel that his prejudices were to be respected. "We shan't ask you to touch a drop of anything else," said he to Dick; "we know how you feel on the subject, and though we don't entirely agree with you, we believe in every man being allowed to do what he likes."

The evening's entertainment consisted of recitations, songs and story telling; it was held in one of the larger rooms of the boarding house, and some ten or twelve young men were present. All the Varney clerks who boarded at the house were absent, as it was part of the plot that they should appear to have no hand in the matter. Their places were filled by guests from outside, friends of the participants in the affair.

The whiskey was cautiously circulated, and so was the beer, as the party was to be on its good behavior, in order that the victim should suspect nothing. The air was redolent with tobacco smoke, but as soon as Dick showed a dislike for it the "stinkadoras" were at once extinguished, and the windows opened so that fresh air might come in to expel the foul.

Jack Leavitt was the master of ceremonies; though an apparently honest clerk, in the employ of a prominent business house, he had the making of a first class scoundrel, into which he ultimately developed. He had studied medicine, but, failing to find remuneration in the practice of the healing art, he had taken to the work of a salesman, while waiting, as so many Americans do, for "something to turn up." His knowledge of drugs made him especially useful on the present occasion, and to him was assigned the pleasing duty of intoxicating young Graham with tea and making him disgrace himself.

The party assembled soon after 8 o'clock, and the fun began. Songs, stories and recitations filled the time for an hour or more, and Dick, who had seen very little of the pleasurable side of life in his country home, began to think he was among the most charming set of fellows he had ever met. He sipped lightly at the tea set before him, which was an unusually fine brand, contributed by one of the party, who was employed in a prominent house engaged in the importation of teas.

What American party ever assembles without dropping in some part of the day or evening into speech-making? This party was no exception to the rule; the songs and other fun ran into the drinking of toasts and proposals of the health of various gentlemen present.

One after another was called to his feet by the remarks of Leavitt or other members of the group, and after a time it came to Dick's turn.

"I propose the health of our new friends," said Leavitt; "our friend who has lately come among us, and whom we heartily welcome. He is destined to be an ornament to our circle, and some day we shall look upon him as one of the successful merchants of this great city. Gentlemen, the health of Mr. Graham!"

Dick thanked his entertainers in a few well chosen words, and did not observe what was going on behind him. Leavitt poured into the tea-pot the contents of a small vial which he took from his vest-pocket, and then gently agitated the pot so that the contents were well mingled. All this was done without attracting the victim's attention as the manipulator was directly behind him, and the young man was occupied with his maiden speech.

Then some one proposed the health of "Our presiding genius, Mr. Leavitt." At the suggestion of a "friend," Dick threw away the contents of his cup and filled it afresh with tea, which he drained, also at the friendly suggestion, in honor of the chief entertainer.

In a few minutes he began to feel drowsy; he had observed a queer taste to the tea as he swallowed it, but thought it must be due to the peculiar nature of the "remarkably fine brand" which had been provided by the clerk from the tea importer's. Drowsiness was followed by downright, uncontrollable sleepiness, and in a very little while Dick was under the influence of the soporific drug which Leavitt had introduced into the tea-pot.

He was taken to his room by his kind friends and put to bed, but they did not leave him until, at the suggestion of the ex-medical student, they had poured three or four ounces of whisky down his throat. "It'll do him good," said Leavitt, "and anyhow he won't be saying now that he never drank a drop of liquor in his life. If he doesn't have a high old headache in the morning I'm mistaken, that's all."

Dick did have a "high old headache" in the morning, and not only a headache, but nausea that would have done credit to a first-class case of sea-sickness. His fellow boarders sympathized with him, and said it must be due to the tobacco smoke, as he certainly drank nothing but tea. Some of those who were not present at the affair threw out hints to the effect that they believed he had been drinking something stronger than tea, and then one of those who put him to bed came forward with the story that Dick had asked for a drink of whisky and they had given it to him, solely at his request. It was all a sham about his being a teetotaller.

CHAPTER XXII.

RESULT OF THE CONSPIRACY.

"I DON'T remember anything of the kind," said Dick. "I am sure I didn't ask for liquor. It must have been the tea, and nothing else."

"Of course you don't remember it," was the reply, "but you asked for it all the same. We wouldn't give it to you at first, but you kept asking, so that we had to."

This was a deliberate falsehood, but was stated with so much emphasis that Dick was deceived, and began to think that perhaps he had really done as was alleged. But he refused to do as they then suggested, try another glass of whisky, on the principle that "the hair of the dog was good for the bite." He had no appetite for breakfast, but managed to get down a mouthful or two of solid food and some coffee and milk. He went to the office with a heavy head and heavier heart; he felt that he had somehow broken his promise to his employer and himself, and was ashamed to look Mr. Varney in the face when he met him.

The clerks who had thus far succeeded in their plot passed the word around among themselves, and there were many smiles and gibes at the condition in which Dick found himself. But so far as he was concerned, all professed the most profound ignorance, lest their part in the affair might be discovered.

It happened that Mr. Varney was at the office more than usual that day. His suspicions were aroused, and in the afternoon he called Dick to his room and asked if he was ill, and if so what was the cause. The latter hesitated a moment and then told the whole story as far as he knew it. His employer took in the situation, and told the youth that he had better be cautious about drinking tea from that time onward with any of his friends and acquaintances. Then he dismissed him with words of encouragement, and the matter was apparently forgotten.

Next day there was a new boarder at Dick's house, a genial sort of man, who very soon made the acquaintance of all the inmates.

When Dick was out of hearing he spoke with decided contempt of the temperance principles of the youth, and the result was he was taken into the confidence of the others and learned the whole story of the plot to compass Dick's downfall. He suggested a repetition of the "tea-jamboree," as he called it, and the plans were laid for another celebration in which the teetotaller was to be made drunk again. But before the affair came off, the plans were rudely deranged by the dismissal of all the Varney clerks who had been concerned in the conspiracy; and it then came out that the agreeable stranger was no other than a detective whom Mr. Varney had employed to get at the bottom of the whole nefarious business. The fellow thought it was pretty hard treatment for "a little joke," as they called it; but Mr. Varney was unable to see it in that light. One of them had an uncle who was well acquainted with Mr. Varney, and the uncle came to see the "temperance crank" in the interest of the discharged nephew.

The merchant heard him through as he argued that no serious harm had been done; in fact, he could not see that there was any harm at all in the fun of the boys. They had drugged the tea so as to pour a little whisky down the throat of a man who wouldn't drink, and that was all there was about it. Dick had fully recovered from the effects of his unintended spree, and if it had any effect it would be to teach him caution in future dealings with his fellow-clerks.

"I don't agree with you," Mr. Varney replied, "and won't use the ordinary form of polite conversation by saying I'm sorry that I can't. You don't see any harm in this business, while I see a great deal. In the first place, there was a conspiracy to degrade a young man in his own estimation and in mine, to weaken his confidence in himself and his faith in his temperance principles, and to open the way for him to begin a career of dissipation, if he should have any tendency for it. The conspiracy required deception, downright falsehood, and the giving of drugs which involve a certain amount of danger, even under the best of circumstances. I will not have in my employ a man who resorts to such means for the sake of 'fun,' or whose estimate of honor and self-respect is so low that he will deliberately seek to degrade an associate. The incident is an additional illustration of the debasing power of alcohol upon all who use it even to a mild degree. If these men had been teetotallers, like their victim, do you think their ideas of fun would have been as low as those they have displayed?"

The visitor was obliged to admit the force of Mr. Varney's argument, and as the latter was inflexible in his views of justice, the interview was speedily terminated. Several vacancies were made in the staff of that merchant's employes, and in due time they were filled.

Dick was promoted to one of the vacancies, his experience by this time having made him competent to fill it, and thus the plot that was to injure him became beneficial. In the course of the conversation between employer and employed, the question came up as to whether the rules in regard to drink covered all hours or only those passed in the office. Mr. Varney expressed himself in a way that left no ground for equivocation, and the clerks who were still inclined to be tipplers were obliged to be very secret in the indulgence of their habits of drinking. They were not required to take any new or iron-clad oath, but each one of them knew that indulgence in alcoholic beverages might lead at any moment to his dismissal.

And yet so great is the spell which King Alcohol exerts upon his followers that the majority of them continued to obey his behests and to drink as before. An argument often advanced against temperance laws and restrictions is that they make hypocrites of men who would otherwise be open and above board in their conduct. The same might be said of the laws against highway robbery, burglary, murder and other crimes; they certainly make hypocrites of men, and lead to elaborate deceptions; but has any one ever advocated their abrogation on that account. Would burglaries be fewer in number if they could be performed openly and without punishment? Would there be fewer murders if the perpetrators were under no social ban, and allowed to go scot free after taking human life?

Mr. Varney's tippling clerks regarded it as a great outrage upon their personal rights when he proposed to regulate their habits in regard to drink. But it never occurred to them that he had any personal right in the matter—the right to say how and by whom his business should be conducted. Would any one have questioned his right to say that he would employ no one who was above or below a certain height or weight, or whose hair was not of a specified color, or parted in a certain way? A prominent banker of London once decreed that no one in his establishment should wear a mustache during business hours; he enforced the rule rigidly, and while some laughed at his eccentricity, nobody suggested that he had not a perfect right to make such rules as he pleased, so long as they did not infringe the common laws of good behavior. If an employe did not like the rules he was at liberty to find a place elsewhere; the same may be said of an employer who insists upon total abstinence on the part of those in his service. If they are unwilling to comply with the regulations, their self-respect and honor should take them to "the shop over the way," where such "absurdities" are not in vogue.

Here again is seen the peculiar effect upon the moral qualities which alcohol makes. The men who think deception justifiable in its use would scorn to practice it about anything else; they could be trusted to tell and act the truth about all things except their relations with the demon of drink. When it comes to this last there is no amount of falsehood that causes them to hesitate, and they always find good reason, in their own minds, for their complete justification.

An eminent physician once remarked that there was a wonderful similarity between consumption and dipsomania. The consumptive always believes he is going to get well, and the drunkard is sure that he will reform; but it is not often that the expectation of either is realized. And as the former finds in his condition something to feed his hope from day to day, so the latter finds a justification for every step in his onward march to the poor-house and the grave.

John Thomson, one of the men concerned in the conspiracy for Dick's degradation, was heartily ashamed of the whole business, and frankly said so to the victim of the plot a few weeks later. "I've wanted to speak out," said he, "but didn't think it would be honorable to do so until the whole business had blown over, and Mr. Varney's investigation had come to an end. I shan't tell you all the particulars except so far as I am concerned. I was one of those who thought it would be a good joke to put whisky down the throat of a young man who had never tasted it, and who prided himself on his temperance. Now that I have thought it all over, I see what an outrage it was. It was more dangerous to you than I supposed at the time, as it has since come to my knowledge that young men have actually died under similiar circumstances. The combination of drugs and liquor necessary to accomplish the object of the plot was far more harmful than most persons believe. If the true dangers of this barbarous trick were fully known, it wouldn't be tried as often as it is."

"I've asked a doctor friend of mine about it," he continued, "and was fairly scared by what he told me. He said alcohol, chemically and physiologically considered, is a poison, a narcotic poison, and when it is taken in large doses there is no known antidote for it. He made my hair stand on end when he went into particulars about it. I want to introduce you to him, and let you know what a narrow escape you had."

The introduction took place a few evenings later, and Dick was so interested in what the doctor told him that he made a memorandum of the conversation as soon as he reached home. Here is the substance of it as nearly as he could remember.

"A large quantity of alcohol, taken by a person accustomed to it, or a small quantity by one who is not, may prove instantly fatal, or very quickly so. It is immediately absorbed by the veins of the stomach, thence by the liver, and mixing with the blood is carried to all parts of the body. The brain is filled with it, the nervous centers are paralyzed, the action of the heart stops, and life ends. You have heard of men dropping dead after drinking a quart of brandy or whisky; well, that is the way death is caused in their case, and a much smaller quantity might cause it, in a young person quite unaccustomed to the use of spirits. The shock of the alcohol acts like a heavy blow upon the head or stomach; a strong constitution may recover from it, while a weak one will yield and death is the result.

"I have seen," said the doctor, "an experiment on a dog which forcibly illustrates what I am saying. Two ounces of alcohol were injected into the stomach of a medium sized dog, and he was dead inside of three minutes. His skull was immediately opened and placed in a distilling apparatus; we obtained from it a considerable quantity of alcohol, more than from the blood or any other part of the body. This is a very strong proof that alcohol literally "goes to the head" when one drinks it; the brain is so clogged and choked as to be partially and perhaps wholly paralyzed, and completely paralysis of the brain means death.

"In your case they gave you, according to Thomson's account, only such a quantity as could be easily borne by a man accustomed to drink. But you had already been partially poisoned by the drug administered in the tea, and the drug and alcohol together threw you into a heavy stupor, from which you came out next morning with a violent headache. All the symptoms of poisoning were there, and had a double dose of whisky been given you, as one of the party proposed, the chances are more than even that you would have died in consequence. It ought to be much better understood than it is that alcohol is a poison, and no amount of sophistry can make it otherwise. Everybody knows that lead, arsenic, strychnine and similar drugs are poison; in large doses they kill quickly, while in small but frequently repeated doses they have a soothing and then a paralyzing effect, but bring on death so slowly that their presence may not be suspected. Alcohol is just as much a poison as lead or arsenic; it kills immediately in large doses, and brings paralysis and other diseases when the doses are small and continuous. And the steady drinker is literally taking slow poison."

"Well," said Thomson, as the doctor ended his harangue, "I've done with slow poisoning, and from this time on you may put me down as a teetotaller."

Dick shook him warmly by the hand, and the friendship thus begun was of long duration.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INSIGHT.

[Copyright, 1890.]

IN the river of life, as I float along,
I see with the spirit's sight
That many a nauseous weed of wrong
Has root in a seed of right.
For evil is good that has gone astray,
And sorrow is only blindness,
And the world is always under the sway
Of a changeless law of kindness.

The commonest error a truth can make
Is shouting its sweet voice hoarse,
And sin is only the soul's mistake
In misdirecting its force.
And love, the fairest of all fair things
That ever to men descended,
Grows rank with nettles and poisonous things
Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
Old world in the way it began,
And though some matters have gone amiss
From the great original plan;
And however dark the skies may appear,
And however souls may blunder,
I tell you it all will work out clear,
For good lies over and under.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long, slim loop I'd spring,
With brown feet bare and hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out o'er the water lilies bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss-grown trees,
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing,
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing;
O, to be a boy,
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

I'm weary at morn, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart;
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing;
I'd barter it all for one day's romp
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing;
I would I were away
From the world to day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

—[Times Democrat.

A Lovely Compliment.

Philadelphia Press.

Clara—I had a lovely compliment last evening from Mr. Featherly.

Ethel—No! What was it?

Clara—He spoke of my hands. He said I had the hands of a Venus de Milo. Wasn't it sweet of him?

Hard to Please.

"Look here," said a subscriber, as he walked into the office, "I want you to stop my paper."

"What's the reason?"

"There ain't enough news in it. Too much opinions, and that sort of thing."

In about half an hour another subscriber made his appearance.

"I've concluded to stop my paper," said he.

"You have."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm tired of reading about accidents and suicides, and such things. What I want is good solid opinions."

And the editor sat down and thought great ponderous opinions about people in general.—[Merchant Traveler.

The Best of Them All.

"You are taking a good deal of interest in horse racing of late," said one traveling man to another.

"Yes."

"I suppose you are well posted as to all the different styles of gaits."

"Pretty well. I ought to be."

"Well, of them all, what do you think is the best?"

"Well, as a man of experience, I'll tell you: The best of all is the old front gate, at 9:30 in the evening, with the little black-eyed girl on the other side of it."—[Merchant Traveler.

Fledgely—"Miss Hauteur, will you marry me?"

Miss Hauteur—"If I was a clergyman I should be pleased to, Mr. Fledgely. Who is the happy girl?"—[Lawrence American.

Our New Testament Serial.

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," etc,

AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story begins with a description of an early morning scene in the streets of Jerusalem and of services in the synagogue of the Pharisees, at which a young reformer is expected to preach, but does not come. The comfortable house of Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary, in Bethany, a suburb of Jerusalem, is also described, and a contrast drawn between the practical, unimaginative character of Martha and enthusiastic, devotional character of Mary. All three are friends, admirers and adherents of the ardent young preacher.

Ariella, the bedridden daughter of Malachi and of Hagnar, is left almost alone in their house for the day, while they go up to Jerusalem. Baruch, the blind man, is brought by his mother to beguile Ariella's loneliness; a tender sentiment is growing between these two afflicted people. Baruch suggests that Ariella might be cured by the miraculous power of the new rabbi. She hopes for this, and Baruch promises her to beg him to come to the house of Malachi to heal her. But Malachi the Pharisee, Ariella's father, came home the next day in a towering rage over the young rabbi's discourse in the synagogue, in which the hypocrisy of the Pharisees were denounced; and Malachi commands his wife and daughter to have nothing whatever to do with Jesus of Nazareth, nor to attend his discourses. Blind Baruch comes to tell Arriila, two days later, that Jesus has consented to come to heal her; but she tells him, sobbing, that his errand has been in vain, because of her father's anger toward Jesus. Baruch determines to succeed, in spite of this obstacle.

Lazarus, who is a contractor and builder, goes to the palace of Annas, the ex-high priest, to make some repairs. There he sees Zahara, the beautiful daughter of Annas, who sets his heart in a tumult. Several times during the progress of the work he meets her for a moment, and Lazarus falls madly in love with her. Annas comes to inspect the work, and learns that Lazarus is a believer in the new rabbi, the Nazarene, Jesus, the carpenter's son. Zahara joins her father, and hears the conversation. Annas is displeased, and leaves the builder coldly. Zahara accompanying her father. Lazarus did not see Zahara again until just as he was leaving the palace the evening of the day on which his work was completed. He avows his love for her, and receives a shy admission from her that he is loved in return.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was dew-fall at Bethany. In the house of Rachel the widow and Baruch the blind man excitement reigned. A great event had happened.

Without the porch, panting with weariness, low upon a litter, lay a little maiden, pale and frail, but peaceful as no well maiden ever is. Ariella had been brought over to visit Rachel, her neighbor. She was to remain until the morrow. Malachi and Baruch, with the help of a slave, had borne the girl thither, and the same hands would return her before another sunset to her father's house. Malachi had grumbled over the job, which he held to be an unnecessary tax upon a man's time and attention; but Hagnar had said:

"Verily, you will never put yourself to a better use. Give the girl her way." For Baruch had dealt privately with Hagnar, and urged the matter, taking no denial. And Hagnar and Malachi had returned to their own dwelling, and Ariella lay upon the litter without the house of Rachel, begging not to be carried within, till she must needs sleep; for Ariella drank the air of Heaven as an Arab, dying of thirst in the desert, drinks of the gourd held to his suffering lips.

On the way from the house of her father to the home of Rachel, Ariella had suffered acutely; every step of the bearers jarring the litter diffused agony through the poor girl's body, but she had not said so. At every glimpse of the living world she had evinced the keenest delight. It was:

"Oh, father, the light! The light of the sun on the fields! How broad a thing is an afternoon!

"Baruch, I see a hill of tulips; they run up and down; they are red, like torch bearers at a race.

"Mother, give me your hand. Lift my head a little, that I may look unto Jerusalem. The temple shineth like the rising of the day. In the temple is the ark. In the ark God dwelleth. The people go up; go up like prayer into the heart of Jehovah! Would that I could see the temple! The brow of Olivet lifteth between."

Ariella lay now upon the litter, herself as mute as a shamed prayer; the excitement of the day had sunk into its reaction; the thrill of joy had fallen into the grip of pain. The invalid's hopeless consciousness of suffering returned like the fall of night. Ariella's face became pinched with anguish; the lines about her mouth deepened like those in the face of an old woman—she was but 26.

"Leave me to myself," she panted. "Leave me, Rachel. Leave me, Baruch. Weariness overcomes me, for the exertion hath been great. Do not watch me—nay, I shall better endure alone."

"But *Baruch* cannot see thee," protested matter-of-fact Rachel.

"Baruch watcheth the closer for that," murmured Ariella. Baruch's sensitive face flushed; he rose without a word and left their guest. Rachel soon followed her as the sick girl bade her; and Ariella had her will—sometimes the only one left to the sick; she was alone with her agony.

The litter had been set down in a cool wide grass space in front of the house of Rachel; "in something green," Ariella had begged; but it was too late in the season to find the parched grass green. Behind her the low house looked quiet and homelike; the faint glimmer of Rachel's single candle shone upon the paved court and dull white sand; Baruch stood in the doorway, a silent, waiting figure; he seemed like a man who expected something, and was patient and impatient by turns. Without, the darkening country looked to the prisoned girl as wide as all heaven. Between the spasms of her pain she regarded it eagerly.

Eastward of her the road to Jericho, long, wild, dangerous, and ragged, wound among the hills. Ariella could mark the spot where her misfortune had befallen her, nine years ago. A caravan was winding past the place slowly, like the outline of the camels rising and falling, like the outlines of ships upon a restless sea. The caravan was coming towards Jerusalem; the travelers were singing; they sang the Psalms of Degrees. Beyond, the Desert of Judea stretched far and frowning.

Turning her head, the sick girl looked about the little hamlet of Bethany. The Roman fortress rose, a grim, firm fact against which every Jewish heart revolted; the houses of Ariella's people were built without the fortress line. Now and then, the spear of a Roman soldier caught the dying light upon its tip.

Yonder against the mountain side sepulchers showed, cut into the solid rock; these were owned by the wealthier families of Bethany. Ariella gazed upon their solemn outlines quietly.

"My life is a sepulcher," she said aloud, "What doth it matter?"

As light sound behind the head of Ariella's litter attracted but did not arrest her attention. She could not see, or she had not noticed that the figure of the blind man had disappeared from the doorway. Baruch stood behind an olive tree, and the olive tree stood behind Ariella.

Now Ariella turned her head at this moment to look further downward to the southeast where, far beyond her gaze, the somber surface of the Dead Sea lay. One of the little freakish fancies of the sick possessed her. No person ever drowned in the salt Dead Sea.

Oh, to be borne thither in her litter, and set afloat upon the strong water, and float her life out on that soft bed!

"It would never hurt one's back," thought Ariella. She laughed aloud at this conceit of hers, and tried to move upon her pillows to raise herself upon one arm and look along the valley till sight should be lost in the purpling gloom. The effort caused her such pain that she uttered an involuntary groan.

Ariella seldom groaned. This was a downright uncomfortable cry of agony, and fell piteously enough from the poor girl's lips.

"Oh, Ariella!" cried Baruch, darting forward from behind the olive-tree. He stood before her; he bent over her; he trembled with sympathy the tenderest man or woman had ever shown for Ariella.

"Oh!" moaned Baruch, "could I only *see* how to comfort thee!"

"You feel how," said Ariella, collecting herself at once.

"If love could comfort," breathed Baruch, "if love could heal—"

"Love helps," said Ariella, "love serves."

"Men and women who are not afflicted of God—who love as they will, and do as they would—these are happy people, Ariella."

"We are not, as they," said Ariella solemnly. Baruch stretched out his hand, and groped for hers. It was now quite dark. She could see no more than he. The sick girl laid her hand in that of the blind man. Both shook. Baruch bowed his face reverently above the poor little feverish hand. He did not touch it with his lips. He did not dare. After all he was a man. If he had touched Ariella, he felt as if he should have gone mad with love and despair.

"Is this Baruch, the blind man?" asked at that moment a wonderful voice. Baruch did not start or release the hand of Ariella. He held it like a man, and quietly made answer.

"Yea, Lord, I am he."

"And the maiden, of whom thou didst speak to me—do I behold her?"

"Thou beholdest her indeed."

"Knoweth she that I am come?"

"Nay, Lord, she knoweth it not."

"Give space to me that I may stand beside her."

The voice which spoke was one of unquestionable authority. Ariella started under it. She looked up, frightened and panting, through the dark.

"Be calm, Ariella," said Baruch, quietly, "He of whom I spoke to thee, is here."

"You arranged this, Baruch?—you planned to bring me here—and told me not!" There was a touch of reproach in the girl's tone. She had fallen so thoroughly into Baruch's loving plot that her first sense of being deluded almost overpowered any other consciousness.

"What I have done, I have done," said Baruch firmly, "it becometh thee not to distrust me, Ariella. It is not in thy power to distrust Him."

Baruch pointed at the commanding figure of their visitor, who, during this decay, had stood quite silent and still. The three made a singular group—the blind man bent forward, eager, trembling, his whole body straining as if to see; the sick girl panting on the litter; and the solemn figure, mute as fate, before them.

It was now so dark that Ariella could not even see the familiar face of Baruch, bent so near and turned so tenderly toward her. Of the stranger she could perceive absolutely nothing except the outline of a grand form; the manliest, the most authoritative, she thought, that she had ever beheld. The face of the man was wrapped in the darkness of the summer night. Ariella struggled for a sight of it, but it was as dim before her as the will of God.

Rachel had now come out of the house, and finding the three fallen upon an utter silence, joined them herself without a word. She sat behind the olive-tree for a moment, unseen; then advanced and knelt beside the litter, very near Ariella. Rachel quite understood what was going forward, for Baruch had confided in her. And Rachel was one of those who trusted in the Nazarene.

He seemed almost as if he were indefinitely strengthened by the presence of this common place woman, as if added faith or the material of power to the situation. He moved nearer to the litter, and broke the oppressive silence; but it was only to ask a simple question:

"Is this the mother of the maiden?"

"Nay, Lord," replied Rachel, "she is my guest and the friend of my afflicted son. Rather said that thou wouldst heal her." Had it been a little less dark they could have seen that the Nazarene smiled slightly, as a man does who hears from children the prattle of knowledge already his own. But his smile was as invisible to these agitated people as the sun that had set behind Mount Olivet. The most powerful personality in Judea presented himself to those three souls only in the form of a voice.

But what a voice! Ariella's nature rang with it. It was as strong as the winds. It was as sweet as love. It ran as deep as the sea. It commanded the heart as heaven commands the earth; but it appealed to the sensibility as tenderly as if one's regard were a precious thing.

"Ariella!" said the Nazarene. He spoke as never a man spake to the sick or to the well. Ariella felt herself drawn upwards, soul and body, to the utterance of her name by those invisible lips. It was as if the very waves of ether, set in motion by his voice, encompassed her, as the waves of the sea encompass a sinking a person who struggles upon them if so be he may swim for his life. She felt herself lifted upon the sound; it buoyed her; she had a singular sensation as if she began to float upon it.

"Yea, Lord," breathed Ariella. She upturned her face to him through the dark. Poor little pinched, pallid face!—how sad it moved. Ariella was in terrible pain. The excitement and exertion of the day, culminating in this agitating interview, had almost overborne her. Despite herself a low moan came from her lips. At the sound the blind man fell upon his knees beside his mother. Jesus and the sick girl remained, the two undistinguished figures in the touching scene. Low, sweet, serene and commanding, came the accents from the Nazarene. Ariella perceived that he did not inquire concerning her faith in God his father; and in himself, the heavenly Father's son; in his sympathy with human misery; and his power to heal the diseases of men; and he spoke to her also of his relation to her own peculiar suffering. He said those things in words so few that Ariella knew not how it was he said them; but she was aware of these thoughts, and of his desire to understand her own state of feeling toward himself. Above all else, she was aware of the searching, scorching necessity that she should speak the very truth, albeit that should sound discourteous or distrustful toward the Stranger, who, overworn and overworked, had traveled to Bethany at the end of a hot day's trial, to serve an unknown sick girl, if he might or could. It even occurred to Ariella that he was not sure that he could heal her; and that his effort was worth something more for this very reason.

"Lord," said Ariella, "how can any heal me? I have been sick so long!"

The Nazarene made no answer. He had advanced and now stood close beside the litter; he stretched his hand out and motioned to Ariella through the dark that she put hers within it.

"Nine years!" said Ariella. "I have lain upon my bed for nine whole years. I suffer very much. It is great pain. People do not know about pain. It tires their heart to understand it. I try not to trouble people—but I am not a patient girl. I get worn out sometimes. Lord, I am so tired—tired out! tired out!" Ariella began to sob quietly.

"Lord, my faith has grown sick—like all the rest of me! How can I be healed?"

"Lord," said the blind man, still upon his knees, "my faith in thee is whole; it is sound enough to give life to the maiden though she did lie in the tomb."

"Baruch! *Baruch!*" cried Ariella. The blind man was distressed. He thought she should have cried: "Lord! Lord!" But Jesus only smiled thereat, in the darkness, no one being able to see the smile.

"Ariella," said Baruch, "give to him that asketh thee the touch of thy hand and the power of thy trust."

Ariella obeyed without a word. The cool, strong grasp of the Nazarene closed over her hot, little fingers. Immediately there came to Ariella

ceased the long familiar moan of suffering. Baruch watched till dawn; and when dawn came he prayed.

Ariella awoke quietly. For some moments she lay still; the old expression of patience settled upon her feature; she did not try to move. Rachel watched her intently; Baruch quivered without, a breathless listener.

"Rachel," called Ariella, "Rachel, I have slept. It is good to be within your walls. Rest liveth here. I know not when I have slept such sleep. Will you come hither and help me, dear Rachel, and bring water that I may bathe my face and cool my arms?"

"There is water in the inner room," answered Rachel, nonchalantly, "and fresh linen and conveniences suitable for a guest. Come in yonder with me and I will show you them."

Ariella stared at her hostess; her large eyes widened with hurt surprise.

"Come!" repeated Rachel, in a firm, motherly tone.

"Oh, I remember," cried Ariella, "I remember it all. I have put my feet upon the ground. They have borne my weight. I have walked. The Nazarene commanded me and I obeyed. I walked. But that was yesterday."

"And this is to-day," replied Rachel, in a comfortable tone. "Arise, Ariella. Arise and walk." Thus came to Ariella the two commands—that of the divine spirit, and that of common life, and they took as they must needs do to the sick the same forms, even the same language. Rachel performed no wonder; she used her good sense, which told her that many a wonder failed, whether for lack of wonder-working power, or of pluck to back it, she could not say and did not care. The point was that Ariella had walked. And walk she must. And verily, walk she did.

The girl arose at once. She tottered for a moment; then struck out strongly into the middle of the room; and walked firmly into the adjoining department. The linen curtain swayed and fell, and hid her. Rachel could hear the little splash of the cool water with which her young guest bathed. She did not offer to help her. She went without and told Baruch that Ariella was as well as other people.

As soon as the morning meal was over, Ariella started for her father's home. While yet the cool of the day was upon Bethany, the little journey would be more fairly made. Ariella was impatient for it. Baruch could not understand this; but he said nothing to delay her.

The girl came out into the morning, looking like a ghost, or a bud, or a dew drop, or any lovely thing that is born of the young hour and belongs to it.

Her eyes burned with excitement compared to which the fever of love is tame. The joy of the cured invalid has no similar upon this earth.

Ariella could not keep still. She bounded to and fro. Her feet had wings. Her hair seemed electric with life and floated about her on whims of its own. Waves of exquisite color ran over her pale face, as if learning their way to tint her cheek; then they would retreat suddenly, like strangers. Life came to her lips; they curved into child-like smiles. She nodded and laughed aloud at little things like a little girl. She ran to and fro. She called and sang. She was absorbed, she was intoxicated.

It was a hard thing to Baruch that she was in such a hurry to get away. He would have been glad if she had stayed or had even wanted to stay beside them, his mother and himself, for that one day, the first day of her delight. This well Ariella he did not understand. The old Ariella was gone. In her place, what had he?

"Is it possible," thought the blind man, "that I have lost her. What is this discovery?—does it cost me Ariella?"

He bowed his patient head. But, to himself, he said:

"So be it; if so be that Ariella suffer not, I am content. I have had my will. She is healed." Ariella did not understand the thought of Baruch. She meant to be very grateful and loving to him. But health and joy were too new to Ariella—they dazzled her. She could see nothing else. To be sure she said:

"Baruch! Dear Baruch! I am well, I walk. I fly. I suffer nothing. O, Baruch, what do I owe thee!"

But Baruch answered nothing. He felt bereaved of Ariella.

She had insisted on going home alone, for some whim she had about it. But Rachel overruled her, and accompanied the maiden; who yielded carelessly. What difference did it make? What did anything matter? She could walk.

When she departed from the house she took the hand of Baruch and said some words to him, he knew not what. But the blind man turned away and thought:

"She hath forgotten me."

Ariella trod the roads of Bethany like a spirit. Her feet did not seem to touch the ground. She walked on softly, with her head like a bird. She wished that she knew everybody she met and could call out and say:

"Behold me! I am Ariella. I am well. walk."

But Ariella knew few people; she had been a prisoner of the couch so long. She bounded along unhurried. Indeed she puffed and labored, but could not keep up with her. It was perhaps half a mile to to the house of Malachi. Now as chance had it the first person known to Ariella whom she met, that wonderful morning, was a young man walking slowly, with his head bent and eyes upon the ground.

"What a handsome fellow!" thought the girl. Then she came up to him, saw that it was a neighbor unseen of her for a long time, but well enough remembered. In fact it was Lazarus. He had a strange expression. His look was high and distance. His eyes were radiant, and full. His face was quite pale. His faith was wet with dew, and crumpled, as though he had spent the night without upon the ground. His generous chiton, the manner of proprieties and customs, presented an unprecedented appearance.

Ariella was not veiled. She had, to tell the truth, forgotten all about it; veils not being useful in the sick room were without her instincts; which were, therefore, natural. Lazarus turned upon Ariella the unseeing eye of him who had not slept the entire night. Rachel came panting up. Then Lazarus said slowly:

"Why Ariella!—Ariella?"

"It is indeed Ariella," said Rachel, "Behold what wonder God hath wrought upon her."

"I walk," cried Ariella, "I fly; behold me. I am healed. I walk from the house of Rachel to the house of my father—I—Ariella!"

"What meaneth this?" demanded Lazarus, now aroused to the extraordinary nature of the scene.

"The Nazarene bade me," answered Ariella, more quietly than she had yet spoken that morning. "He commanded me, and I do walk."

The countenance of Lazarus expressed a battle of emotions as Rachel, in defiance of Jewish conventionality—for such a thing as this did not happen every day, and the proprieties did—paused, and related to their neighbor what had occurred. If Lazarus had ever cherished any reserved opinions about the reported cures wrought by his friend and master—and it is not impossible, for the strongest of powers were tugging at the faith of the young man—the sight of Ariella was confounding and convincing. Ariella he knew, and her piteous fate. What wonder was this? Ariella—treading the streets of Bethany! What manner of man was he who wrought the deed?

Lazarus congratulated Ariella cordially, and hurried away from her. He could not talk about the matter. His brain seethed with the crowding impressions of the last 24 hours. For this was the dawn of the day succeeding the confession of Zahara. Lazarus had spent the entire night wandering over Olivet, sleeping not, drunken with rapture. On that solitary mountain top, now sacred to history, where the most devout man in Judea too often exhausted himself with nights of prayer and with the fervor of consecration to a lonely and terrible fate, his frailer friend for love of a woman kept a wild and fevered watch.

When Lazarus reached home that morning he believed that Jesus had spent the night in the house of Simon, the Leper; had rested in the upper chamber; and had departed at dawn, before the morning mist, setting his face towards Jerusalem.

"And we could not even tell him where you were, Lazarus!" complained Martha, "I was thoroughly ashamed of you."

"But he asked no questions," said Mary, gently. "He scarcely made mention of thy name, my brother." Lazarus bowed his head in silence. He felt helpless before his own nature. He had made vows enough. He did not say to Mary this time:

"I will see the Nazarene as soon as possible." He made haste to change the subject by reporting the wonder wrought on Ariella. But far from changing, this only seemed to accentuate the great topic upon which in this, as in hundreds of Jewish families at that time, the force of daily interest powerfully centered.

"He that can put Ariella on her feet is a prophet, verily!" cried Martha. "She is more sure to her mother than any go I in Bethany!" But Mary's eyes shone peacefully. It was quite what she was prepared to believe. Why be so surprised about it?

"Happy Ariella!" she whispered. Mary thought it might be worth nine years of misery to be healed as Ariella was. Martha set forth at once to the house of Malachi to gossip about the news. And Lazarus retired to his own portion of the house. He tried to sleep. He was thoroughly uncomfortable. Two faces, like statues graven from his heart, filled the silent shaded room. Zahara's was the one; but the other was the likeness of the Nazarene. The girl seemed to regard the Rabbi haughtily. But he looked with gentle dignity at Lazarus; and at the scowling beauty.

"I am born in twain!" cried Lazarus.

Ariella reached home in wonderful time. No feet in Bethany trod that half mile so swiftly on that fair morning. Radiantly swaying, flying, flushed, and beautiful, the girl who had gone forth borne upon the litter, moaning with pain, ran up the slope, and flashed into the door of her father's home.

Hagaar threw down the dish in which she was preparing leavened bread, and shrieked mightily.

"A spirit! A spirit! Malachi, come hither! Ariella is dead and her spirit is running about the house!"

"I'll teach her better manners, then!" growled Malachi, who came lumbering in with his fists clenched. Malachi was one of the people who do not believe in ghosts, and not afraid of them accordingly.

Panting behind the girl came Rachel; and down the street Martha hurried up as fast as the dignity of a wealthy widow permitted. Other neighbors had by this time got wind of the news, and a little crowd might be seen gathering, moving towards the house.

"I walk!" cries Ariella. "I run. The Nazarene commanded, and I fly. Kiss me, O my mother! Bless me, father—for, I am like other girls."

"Would you believe it?" demanded Rachel with holy indignation, when she came home to tell the tale to Baruch. "What think you of such a father? Malachi swore a great oath and vowed by Jehovah that the girl did make sport of them; and might have walked any day, if she had wanted to."

"Unpossible!" cried the blind man.

"And more than that is possible," continued Rachel, "for when he was forced to perceive that the wonder had come upon Ariella, he fell with a mighty rage. He let loose the vials of his wrath upon me, for stealing his daughter—so he said—from her shelter in her father's house; and upon thee, for the trick, he called it, thou didst play upon him. The impostor hath bewitched the girl!' he shouted to the neighbors. 'Go ye to your homes—disperse—and trouble an afflicted house no more. Leave us alone in our disgrace,' said Malachi. But Hagaar said—"

"What said the mother of the maiden?" asked Baruch in the greatest distress.

"Hagaar did go up to her husband and seize him as if he had been a rebellious little boy. Before all the neighbors the wife of Malachi, the Pharisee, did shake her husband to and fro. And she did clutch his beard and pull upon it so he was fain to utter a yell of pain, and she took the courage of a man upon woman's lips, and she did say—and a noise she made in saying it testify—'Malachi, all these years thou hast been lord unto me and I have served thee as thine handmaid; but now thou shalt not lord me for I am a woman, and the mother of the maiden, and I say: Look upon her! Look upon her! She is like other girls—poor Ariella—walking about! and he that is her father, and does not bless God for the sight of her to-day, he deserveth to be smitefiedl' And Malachi, in a stately voice, she cried: 'Amen.' And all the neighbors did say: 'Amen.' And Malachi was ashamed; but he was the more wroth in so much as he was ashamed, and he turned him about and cried aloud: 'Ye shall see her on her couch again, ye people of Bethany, for all this pretended pieticeeth, and look upon her she shall see! Ariella riseth and goeth about to-morrow.'"

"Oh, horrible!" cried Baruch, "what did she say?"

"Why, she said: 'Shame on you, my husband!' And—"

"What did Ariella say?" interrupted Baruch.

"Naught," said Rachel, "naught. She did look as pale as the dead and quail before her father. And Hagaar, her mother, enveloped the girl in her arms, and shielded her, and all the people cried out upon Malachi."

"Poor lamb," moaned Baruch, "poor quivering little lamb!"

"Well, if she is a lamb, flagaar is a considerable sheep," said Rachel dryly. "You may have a lamb to cuddle with her young, my son. Then is she a mighty power. As for Malachi, verily I believe he would rather tie the girl upon her bed than to permit the Nazarene to cure her."

Baruch replied with an inarticulate sound of distress.

"And Lazarus said—" continued Rachel.

"When saw you Lazarus?" demanded Baruch quickly. Rachel related the details of the meeting between Lazarus and Ariella on the way to the house of Malachi.

The blind man turned away. His face fell; but his lips were silent. Lazarus could see.

And Ariella in the excitement of the wild scene at home had omitted to send any message back to Baruch by his mother. Baruch went away, and sat under the olive-tree, alone, and patient.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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She was a middle-aged woman and carried a large satchel and a small brown paper parcel. She stepped up to the ticket sellers' window at the Brooklyn bridge entrance on the New York side. Although it was 4:30 o'clock, just the time when the heavy travel toward Brooklyn begins, there was only one ticket office open. Depositing her satchel in the narrow passway and putting the package upon it, she began to unbutton the front of her dress, and, after plunging her hand down into the mysterious depths within, she fished out her purse and took from it a silver quarter. When she had received her ticket and the change, she put the latter in her purse, and with her hand made another plunge behind her corset front. Then she leisurely buttoned up her dress, replaced her breastpin, picked up her satchel and parcel, and moved on. She was cool about it, certainly; a great deal cooler than the crowd that had collected behind her and that reached quite out on the sidewalk before she had finished the adjustment of her wearing apparel. In all it took nearly three minutes for this interesting episode to occur.—[N. Y. Sun.

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by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Judge—What's the charge, officer?

Officer—Petty larceny, your Honor.

Prisoner (interrupting)—I beg your pardon, Judge—the charge is impersonating an officer.

Judge—How do you make that out?

Prisoner—I took a handful of peanuts and an orange from a poor woman's stand without paying for them.—Puck.

A GO.
Time.

"I hear that Harold asked you to marry him in the conservatory last night. How was it?"

"It was a go, papa."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I told him to go."

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

When mother says "Johnnie,
Won't you please get up, sonny?"
Why Johnnie can't hear her at all;
But when father says "John!"
John's slumbers are done—
He knows it's the first and last call.
—[Chicago Herald.

Many a youngster keeps shady to prevent getting tanned.—[Boston Transcript.

In order to get the wild oats out of a boy he must be thrashed.—[Burlington Free Press.

"When is a mermaid not a mermaid?" "When she's on exhibition in a dime museum."—[Puck.

Maid—"Your wife is out, sir." Husband—"Well give her this kiss for me, when she gets back. I'm going to town."—[Boston Herald.

We often hear of a man being carried away by his ideas; this must be when he gets into a train of thought.—[Philadelphia Press.

It is said the street car mule must go. That is why the driver beats him. By and by electricity will beat him, and then the mule must go forever.—[Picayune.

Chicago Girl—Oh, pa, please buy "The Angelus."

Papa Porkrib—Nonsense; no one in the family could play on it if we had it.—[St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

A Study in Repartee.—Fenderson—What is the reason, I wonder, that fellow comes here every day or two to make a fool of himself.

Fogg—I don't know, unless it is he believes in doing in Rome as the Romans do.—[Boston Transcript.

Ye imps of Hades, please prepare
A load of tin canisters
For one who'll soon be with you there—
The man who always whistles.
—[Washington Post.

Briggs—"So Mudge is getting better?" Braggs—"Yes, he will soon be all right now. But talking about gall—you know we had nearly $100 raised to put up a nice monument for him, as no one thought he could recover. And now he comes around and wants to borrow it to help pay his doctor's bill. What do you think of that?"—[Terre Haute Express.

—Go and do likewise. If your whiskers are grizzly and unbecoming, use Buckingham's Dye and they will look as when you were younger.

QUITE A STUMP.

Forty Men Can Stand On It, and the Tree Would Furnish Rails to Fence a Farm.

Undoubtedly the largest stump in the state of Washington is the one located just below Snohomish city, on the farm of W. S. Clay, says the Seattle *Press*. It is a huge cedar, and its diameter is twenty feet—a surface sufficient for 40 men to stand upon. The tree was burned down some sixteen years ago, and its wood was used for fence rails, shingles, etc. There was enough material in the tree to furnish rails for the fencing of a large Texas farm.

The wood is red cedar and is similar to the timber from which lead pencils are made, and would also be cherished by any builder for the special wood finish and decoration of a house. The farm, upon which the stump is, was taken up as a homestead by Royal Haskell in the year 1873. Mr. Haskell continued to improve this farm for a period of ten years. It was by his hands and his sons' that the giant tree was prostrated by the agency of the flames; and its bulk—to other trees as the elephant to the horse—formed an article of plentiful distribution and utility.

A log ten feet in diameter is the largest that can be sawed by any mill now on Puget Sound, and every log then there has to be two saws, one above the other, each with an immense sweep. Allowing two feet in every twenty for the tapering of the tree, there would need to be five twenty-foot logs cut off a tree, the diameter of which is twenty feet at the bottom, before it could be sawed by any of our mills. The red woods of California have to be quartered by blasting before they can enter the mills. The same plan has to be followed in Washington, where the tree is of exceptional size.

Two years ago the stump was photographed, when five horses standing abreast, three feet apart, and thirty men were upon it. Such a photo is now in possession of the writer and others in Snohomish. A circle, whose diameter is twenty feet, must be 63 feet in circumference, and contains an area of 314 square feet. The tree belonging to the big stump was 80 feet in height, and its volume was, therefore, 6,374 cubic feet. This was a giant! Poetry has lauded the majestic oak, but its size is often eclipsed by Washington's cedars.

The people of this state are aware of the high estimation of our shingles in eastern markets. They are manufactured entirely from the cedar tree, which is usually larger than the ordinary fir. It is not exaggeration to say that a tree like the giant above mentioned would last a shingle mill of considerable capacity through three months' sawing. No crosscut saw yet manufactured is large enough to make a cut through such a tree at the butt; and if there were, it would take two men two days to saw a tree of that size down.

800 Men Wanted

At $85 per month in advance. If you wish to engage with us we will send you $85 cash and guarantee expenses. Send $1 for complete instructions. Address,

J. C. WALL & Co., Tacoma, Wash.

TRANSFORMATION.

There lived a simple country maid
Years and years ago,
In summer 'mid the flowers she played,
In winter 'mid the snow,
And everyone that saw her said, with little sigh
or shake of head:
"How homely she will grow!"

I saw her in her sweetest teen,
As shy as any dove,
And in her eyes a tender sheen
Caught from no light above;
"This little maid grows fair," I thought, "I know
what all this change has wrought—
It is the grace of love."

A year sped round, and I once more
Within her presence stood;
Fairer she seemed than e'er before,
Stately and brave and good;
And when I looked I said, "I know that grace
whien now hath changed you so—
The grace of motherhood."

When next I saw her, at the change
I gazed with bated breath.
Her face was white and rare and strange,
Like one's who slumbereth,
Dreaming of things unsaid, unsung as yet by
any mortal tongue—
That was the grace of death!
—[George Horton in Chicago Herald.

Silk Thread is Poisonous.

The *Sanitary News* draws attention to the fact that silk thread is soaked in acetate of lead to increase its weight, and persons who pass it through the mouth in threading needles, and then bite off the thread with the teeth, have suffered from lead poisoning.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES PERMANENTLY

SPRAINS and STRAINS.

Athletes Praise it Highly.

636 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal., May 8, 1887.

Some time ago, while a member of the Olympic Athletic Club, I sprained my ankle severely and suffered agony, but was speedily and completely cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

JOHN GARBUTT.

Jumped from the Engine.

609 S. 17th St., Omaha, Neb., Sept. 22, 1888.

I jumped from an engine in collision, and strained my ankle badly. Used oil and for weeks. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me.

G. ROEDER.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and to contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

How a Union Spy Escaped from a Band of Guerrillas.

LONG in the month of September, 1864, while we were at Brownsville Station, Ark., a detachment of the 3d Mich. Cav., under command of Capt. Weir, were ordered out on a scouting expedition, to disperse some bands of guerrillas.

Capt. Weir requested me to go in advance as a spy to discover and locate the guerrillas. As companion I selected Ike Jones, a native of Kentucky, who was a newly enlisted member of my company. We donned rebel uniforms, mounted our horses and rode away. After we had traveled about twelve miles from Brownsville, while traversing a dense woods we came to a house situated in a small clearing. Riding up we dismounted, tied our horses to the portico and went in. The only occupants of the house were an old man, his wife and daughter. We related some pretty "tall" yarns about the number of Yanks we had killed, and the narrow escapes we had from being captured while coming from Shelby's command, at that time in Marmaduke, in southern Missouri. The occupants of the house remarked that they could not always tell who were their friends; but after I showed to them the dispatches I carried, and told them what Marmaduke wanted them to do, they prepared dinner for us. They readily told us all the news and expressed themselves as being greatly pleased that Marmaduke was having good success in the North.

After awhile our horses became quite restless, and I stepped to the door to ascertain the cause. About 20 rods south of the house, on a side hill, I saw a number of mounted men. Soon one of the party rode up to the fence, about ten rods distant from the house. He was "armed to the teeth." I had met the enemy in many hotly-contested encounters, and had proven to have good staying qualities; but I must confess matters began to look rather too serious for safety. I was "in for it," and realizing that capture meant certain death, I determined to defend myself to the end.

The rebel asked me to what command I belonged, and where I was going. I told him, and said I was carrying dispatches from Shelby. In turn I inquired of the Confederate his name and the title of his command. He answered that he was Capt. Eagle, of the 2d Texas (one of the most intrepid guerrilla leaders in Ark).

"Well, captain," said I, "I'll mount and come over there. You are, as I have dispatches for you."

Stepping around to the left side of my horse, I drew my revolver and mounted quickly. The rebel was, for the time being, thrown off his guard. Just as I mounted Ike came out of house, mounted his horse and commenced talking, as though nothing was wrong. I rode up within three or four rods of the rebel captain, raised my revolver and fired. Cap. Eagle dropped forward on the neck of his horse. I quickly wheeled, put the spurs to my horse and rapidly widened the distance between myself and the guerrillas. Looking back I saw Eagle's men rush up to where he had fallen, and I sent another shot from my revolver in that direction, which was followed by a volley of buckshot in response; but happily none took effect. Ike was in the lead, having started as soon as I fired the first shot. In jumping the fence his horse struck a stump and turned a somersault; but luckily gained its feet all right. Ike escaped any serious injury. Ike had formerly been a scout and spy for Gen. Mitchell, and he captured once, but escaped. On his last trip he was wounded three times, and then quit that branch of service. Having made good my escape in the above affair, I never wore the gray again, but stuck to the blue until March, 1866.

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Gen. Pope was relieved, and with Gen. McClellan again in command we took the road for Upper Maryland, to drive Gen. Lee back across the Potomac. His advance was met at the Monocacy and he was pursued back to South Mountain, where an engagement was fought, resulting in our favor. At Antietam a general engagement was fought, the main point contended for being Antietam Bridge. Burnside's and Hooker's commands were at this hotly contested point, and carried it at night with a loss of more than one-half their troops. Although one whole corps of Union troops were held in reserve during that battle, McClellan refused to send them reinforcements, and they were left to fight it out unaided.

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Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the READING readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under any circumstances.

To Find the Dates of New Moons.

J. J. N., Laporte, Colo., writes: "Last year I cut out of the Bureau a table to find the date of the new moons in any year in this century, but I find that it does not agree with the almanac for 1890, and I have compared it with several. Which is wrong?"

Probably you were wrong. The Golden Number for 1890 is 10, and you will find the new moons for the year come on the dates wherever 10 occurs in the table. We repeat the table and explanation, for the benefit of new subscribers:

The Golden Number is the place of a given year in the lunar cycle, which is 19 years; that is, every 19 years the new moons come around on the same dates.

To find the Golden Number: Add 1 to the date, and divide the same by 19; the remainder is the Golden Number for that year. When there is no remainder, the year is the last of the lunar cycle, and of course its Golden Number is 19.

Example: To find the Golden Number for 1891: add 1, and we have 1892; divide by 19, and the remainder is 10. Hence, 10 is the Golden Number for 1891.

To use the Table: Find the Golden Number for the given year; then, wherever it occurs in the table, it gives the date of a new moon. The first column is the days of the month. Each of the other 12 columns is headed by the name of one of the months.

TABLE TO FIND THE NEW MOONS FROM 1801 TO 1900.

Days	January	February	March	April	May	June	July	August	September	October	November	December
1.....	9		9	17	17	6			11		11	19
2.....		17			6	14	14	3	11		19	
3.....	17	6	17	6			3	11		19		8
4.....	6		6	14	14	3	11		19	8		16
5.....		14			3	11	11	19			16	
6.....	14	3	14	3			19		16	5	5	
7.....	3		3	11	11	19		8	16			13
8.....	11		11		19	8	8	16	5	13	13	
9.....		19		11						13		2
10.....	19		8	16	8	16	16	5	13		2	10
11.....		8					5	13	2	10		
12.....	8	16	8	16	16	5					10	18
13.....					5	13	13	2	10	18		7
14.....	16	5	16	5			2	10	18		7	
15.....	5		5	13	13	2				7		15
16.....		13			2	10	10	18	7		15	
17.....	13	2	13	2						15		4
18.....	2		2	10	10	18	7		15		4	12
19.....		10						7		4	12	
20.....	10	18	10	18			15		4	12		1
21.....	18		18		7	15		4	12		1	
22.....		7					4	12		1		9
23.....	7	15	7	15			12		1		9	17
24.....					15	4		1		9	17	6
25.....	15	4			4	12			1	9	17	6
26.....			4	12			1		9	17	6	
27.....	4	12			12	1		9	17	6		14
28.....			12				9	17	6	14	14	3
29.....	12		1		1	9	17	6	14	14	3	11
30.....	1		9		9	17	6	14	14	3	11	
31.....			17		6	6	14	3		11		19

For instance, suppose you wish to find the date of the new moon in November, 1888. Using the rule above, we find the Golden Number for 1888 was 6. Look in the column headed "November," and 6 is found opposite the 6th day of the month. Hence the November new moon in 1888 was on the 6th. By this table we can find the dates of all the new moons for any year.

Army Organization, 1861-64.

H. W. H., Toledo, O., writes to add to the answer to N. Y. H. in the issue of January 30 in regard to "Army organization, 1861-64": "A company consisted of 103 men, 100 privates and non-commissioned officers, 1 captain commanding, 1 first and 1 second lieutenant. In every infantry there was an additional lieutenant styled a junior second lieutenant. Ten companies of infantry or 12 of cavalry and artillery composed a regiment, commanded by a colonel. The regimental staff consisted of 1 lieutenant colonel, 1 major, 1 quartermaster, 1 adjutant—the two last ranking as first lieutenants—2 surgeons, and 1 chaplain.

"In cavalry and artillery there were two additional majors, ranking next to colonel. These latter branches while in the regiment was divided. The three arms of the service ranked as follows: Artillery first, cavalry next, and infantry last. For instance, if three colonels should meet, their commissions were dated on the same day, he of the artillery would be the ranking officer, the cavalryman next, and so on.

"A brigade properly consisted of four regiments, command ed by a brigadier general, but as regiments were often depleted in numbers by death and other causes, it often became necessary to add four or five more regiments in order to make a respectable brigade, and they were often commanded by the ranking colonel. Three or four brigades constituted a division, supposed to be commanded by a major general. The arti lery did not operate by regiments, but were apportioned to the different brigades by batteries, as occasion demanded.

"Three or more divisions formed an army corps, and these were consolidated into so-called armies—as the Army of the Cumberland, Army of the Tennessee, etc.

"All of these organizations were exceedingly well officered, for while the regiments were shrinking to the size of companies, and the brigades to the size of regiments, the complement of officers remained about the same, which in some measure accounts for the great number of captains, colonels and brigadiers of to-day."

Mild Winters of the Past.

Thomas Mikesell, a volunteer observer of the United States weather bureau, Wauseon, O., writes: "In THE BLADE of January 16, 1890 is an item concerning the mild winter, in which you state that the winter of 1842-43 was very much like this. You have been misinformed. The winter of 1842-43, snow fell here in Fulton county on the 17th of November, and remained on the ground till after the spring election, which occurred April 5, which day it began to thaw. I have this from reliable authority. The winter of 1844-45 was warm. The winter of 1854-55 was about like this winter till about the middle of February, when a heavy snow storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, came, and then it was cold for several weeks. The first day of January, 1855, was like spring, and wild geese were seen flying over.

"The winter of 1875-76 was all open, March being on the average, the coldest month. The lowest temperature during January, that winter was 7 degrees; and the lowest during the whole winter was 2 degrees below zero, December 18. The mean temperature of the whole three months of the winter was 32.6 degrees; and for the five months, November 1 to March 1, 32.2 degrees.

"The winter of 1877-78 was about the same; and 1879-80 was another, the mean temperature of the three months of this latter being 33.0 degrees. The lowest in January, 1880, was 17.05 degrees, and during the whole winter only 9.0 degrees below zero, December 26. But the strangest winter I have heard of was that of 1834-5. In October there came a heavy snow storm which broke down the trees badly, because the leaves were not yet fallen. This soon melted and left warm, and continued warm till December 13, by which time fruit trees had blossomed, and all trees were leafing out.

"With your permission I would like to ask through THE BLADE if any of your readers can give me the date that a tornado struck Maumee City, destroying a brick building that was in process of erection, and killing two little girls (one white and the other colored), who ran to it for protection from the storm. It was about 1842, but I have been unable to get the date with certainty."

Currency Per Capita in the U. S.

W. S. S., Hebron, Neb.: Reckoning the population of the United States at 66,016,845 on January 1, 1890, the following table gives the total money circulation per capita on that date:

Coin:	
Gold	$ 5 69
Silver dollars	93
Fractional silver	83
Total	$ 7 45
Paper:	
Legal tenders (greenbacks)	5 02
Legal tender certificates	13
Bank notes	2 92
Gold certificates	1 86
Silver certificates	4 28
Total	$14 21
Grand total	$21 66

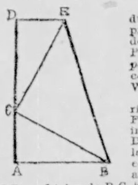
In nine years, since President Garfield came into office, the circulation per capita has never been higher than $22.37, in the year 1883, which is but 71 cents more than the present circulation, nor lower than $20.84, in President Cleveland's first year, which is 82 cents below the present circulation. Thus far the administration of President Harrison has succeeded admirably in preventing the accumulation of money in the Treasury and consequent contraction of the currency in actual circulation, which was by statute made necessary. During the month of January the circulation has been further increased by the addition of gold and silver coined, at least $4,000,000, and $12,500,000 old certificates, against a withdrawal of about $2,000,000 silver certificates and legal tenders, and some surrender of bank notes, so that the total circulation is not far from $21.86 per capita at this time.

U. S. Consuls and Ministers.

A. E. S., Rush Center, Kan.: There is a wide difference between a minister, who belongs to the diplomatic service, and a consul, whose duties are purely commercial. The United States diplomatic service has charge of the political relations between our government and those to which its representatives are accredited. The consular service is commercial in its character, and has nothing to do with international diplomacy. The diplomatic service embraces envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, ministers resident, and secretaries of legation. Envoys extraordinary are sometimes appointed for special purposes, but the title is usually added to that of ministers plenipotentiary. They have the power to negotiate treaties and other diplomatic functions of the highest order, and are sent only to the most important nations. "Ministers resident" are accredited to less important nations, but they have practically the same powers. Secretaries of legation are appointed to assist either of the above. A charge d'affaires is a secretary left temporarily in charge of a legation, in a minister's absence from any cause.

Consular officers include consuls-general, consuls and commercial agents. Their work is connected with our commercial interests, to protect ships, seamen and other United States citizens, to send home destitute seamen, and give certificates for various purposes. They are sent to the principal ports and markets of a country. A consul-general is one who has jurisdiction over several minor consuls. Commercial agents are appointed to minor places, and are usually citizens of the country in which the place to which they are accredited is located. Consuls do not undergo any examination.

Garfield's Demonstration of the Pythagorean Theorem.



There were some errors, due to the compositor and proof reader, in Garfield's demonstration of the Pythagorean theorem (the *pons asinorum*), given recently in these columns. We reprintit correctly:

Let A B C be the given right angled triangle. Produce A C to D, making D equal to A B. At D draw D E perpendicular to D, and make it equal to A C. Draw E C and B E; then C E equals C B, and triangle B C E equals ½ B C squared. The area of A B E D is equal to ½ (A B plus D E) or ½ (A B plus A C) squared; it is also equal to ½ (B C X C E) plus twice the triangle A B C, or ½ (B C) squared plus (A B X A C).

Therefore, ½ (A B plus A C) squared equals ½ B C squared plus (A B X A C); whence (A B plus A C) squared equals B C squared plus 2 (A B X A C), or A B squared plus A C squared equals B C squared. Q. E. D.

Fatal Floods and Earthquakes.

E. L., Royal Center, Ind., asks: "Please publish a partial list of the great floods in the world's history, which have caused as great a loss of life, or greater, than that at Johnstown."

Year. Place.	Persons Killed.
1871—Mill River, Massachusetts	150
1878—Egypt, the Nile	250
1879—Marcia, Spain	1,000
1887—Yellow river, China	200,000

Following is a partial list of the greatest historical calamities, which were due to earthquakes:

Year. Place.	Persons Killed.
1137—Sicily	15,000
1158—Syria	20,000
1268—Cilicia	40,000
1456—Naples	40,000
1531—Lisbon	30,000
1626—Naples	70,000
1667—Schamaki	80,000
1693—Sicily	100,000
1703—Aquila, Italy	5,000
1703—Yeddo, Japan	200,000
1706—The Abruzzi	15,000
1710—Algiers	20,000
1731—Pekin	100,000
1746—Lima and Callao	18,000
1754—Grand Cairo	40,000
1755—Kashan, Persia	40,000
1755—Lisbon	50,000
1783—Syria	20,000
1797—Country between Santa Fe and Panama	40,000
1822—Aleppo	20,000
1857—Calabria	10,000
1868—Town in Peru and Ecuador	25,000
1875—San Jose de Circuta, Colombia	14,000

The Farmers' Alliance.

A. J. N. Howard, S. D., sends the platform of the Farmers' Alliance, asked for in the Bureau of Jan. 16. We give it below:

1. All public necessities, so far as practicable, should be owned and controlled by the government and managed in such a way that no class should be allowed to exact unjust rates for the use thereof.

2. Our railroads should be so controlled by the government as to be run in the interest of the people and on an actual cost basis.

3. The establishment of a national monetary system in which a circulating medium in necessary quantity shall issue directly to the people, without the intervention of banks; that all the national money issued shall be full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private; and that the government shall not guarantee or recognize any private banks or create any banking corporations.

4. Equal and just taxation of property.

5. Prohibition, state and national.

6. Election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people.

7. Courts of arbitration, that justice, not precedent, may govern.

8. The Australian system of voting.

9. The abolition of the contract system on national, state and municipal works.

10. Wise and just law, of the employment of children under fifteen years of age in mines, shops and factories.

11. To prohibit the hiring out of convict labor.

Death of Gen Wayne.

H. J. D., New Richmond, Pa., sends the following particulars of Gen. Wayne's death, additional to what was given lately in the Bureau:

Gen. Anthony Wayne died December 13, 1790, in a block house in what is now the city of Erie, Pa., then called Presque Isle. Two days after, his body was buried, as directed by him, in a plain coffin, with his clothes on. Among those who attended the interment was Capt. Daniel Dobbin. The top of the coffin was marked with the initials of his name, "A. W.," his age and the year of his decease, with round-headed brass tacks driven into the wood.

Thirteen years after, his son, Isaac Wayne, came to Erie and employed Dr. J. C. Wallace to disinter the remains. On opening the ground they were surprised to find the body perfect, except one foot, which was gone. The body was placed in hot water and the bones scraped and put in a small box, which was secured to the colonel's sulky and carried to Eastern Pennsylvania and deposited in a second grave among the general's relatives. At the dissection, which took place on the certain grounds, Dr. Wallace was assisted by Robert Murray, Robert Irwin and others. Gen. Wayne's sound boot was given to one James Duncan, who found it fitted him. He had a mate made for it and wore them out. The final burying ground is at Radnor, Delaware county, near the Chester county line, fourteen miles west from Philadelphia.

The Eiffel Tower.

K., Kendallville, Ind.: The Eiffel Tower was designed by M. Eiffel, a noted French civil engineer, as one of the attractions of the Paris Exposition last year. It is 1,000 feet high; it is built of iron, and weighs about 7,300 tons; it cost about $1,000,000. There are three platforms—the first is 60 meters (195 feet) above the ground, and has refreshment saloons, etc. The second is at the height of 120 meters (390 feet), and also has a cafe and promenade. The third platform is at the height of 275 meters (over 893 feet), and is as high as visitors are admitted. Here there is a room 50 feet square, shut in by glass on all sides, and where, sheltered from wind and weather, the spectator can contemplate the magnificent panorama, 112 miles from north to south, which is displayed. Above this room are laboratories and observatories for scientific purposes, and in the center the winding stair leading to the lightning-house whence the electric light shines over the whole of Paris. The elevators are on three different systems, are all provided with brakes to insure against the possibility of serious accident; all are worked by hydraulic power, and together are capable of carrying 2,850 persons in an hour to the first and second stories, and 750 to the summit, the whole ascent being effected in seven minutes. Including the staircases, it is possible for 5,000 persons to visit the tower in an hour.

No "President for a Day."

A. N. F., College Springs, Iowa, asks: "Was David R. Atchison President of the United States? If so, when and under what circumstances?"

He was never President of the United States. He was President pro tem. of the Senate from 1846 to 1849, inclusive. The 4th of March, inauguration day, 1849, came on Sunday, and Gen. Taylor was not inaugurated until the next day, March 5. As President Polk's term expired at noon on Sunday, March 4, and as the Vice President's term also expired at that time, Mr. Atchison was the highest person actually in office until Gen. Taylor took the oath, and had both he and Vice President Fillmore died, he would have became President. Some persons have therefore claimed that Atchison was "President for a day"—that is, from noon Sunday, until Taylor actually took the oath. But of course he was not. A man is not President till he takes the oath of office as such, and Atchison never did that. In actual point of fact, there was no President for that time; but if an emergency had arisen requiring the exercise of the President's functions, Gen. Taylor could have taken the oath at once, and assumed his duties.

A "Jackson Cent."

G. W. B., Saverton, Mo., writes: I have a copper coin or medal, about the size of a 50 cent piece. On first side is a man's head and shoulders, and around these are the coins of Polish letters, "My Experiment, My Currency, My Glory." Around the outer circle in plain words, "My Substitute for the United States Bank." On the reverse side, in center of coin, is the picture of a hog on the dead run; on the hog's side, in letters, is, "My Third Heat;" above the hog, "My victory;" under or below is "Down With the Bank;" in a circle round the is "Person Credit, Free Trade and Commerce." Date of coin, 1834. Every letter and figure is plain. Please tell its value and what it is.

It is what is called a "Jackson cent." It is not a coin, but a medal. They were struck by the Whigs, and circulated as campaign arguments. The reference is to Jackson's vetoing of the bill rechartering the United States bank. The head on the obverse is that of Jackson. It is worth just what anybody is willing to give for it as a curiosity. They are still very plenty in the East.

Warren Hastings's Trial.

H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.: 1.—Warren Hastings was the first governor-general of British India, which he held from Jan. 1, 1774, to February, 1785, when he resigned. To maintain and secure British supremacy in India, he committed many acts which, it was charged, were cruel and unjust. The opposition in Parliament to the ministry then in power, brought forward articles of impeachment. The trial began before the House of Lords, Feb. 13, 1788. Burke's famous opening speech, lasting three days, began on the 15th, and many eloquent extracts are yet given in school readers and works on elocution. The trial did not continue uninterruptedly. Hastings began his defense on June 2, 1791, the 736th day of actual proceedings. On April 23, 1795, the 145th day of the trial, he was acquitted.

2.—The joke about the large feet of Chicago ladies originated with some newspaper writer, and the stupidity reappears periodically in some supposedly smart saying in the papers. 3.—It is not true that Columbus "slew whole nations of American Indians." He was, however, engaged in selling them into slavery in Europe.

Yellowstone National Park.

J. H. E., North Robinson, O., and J. B. A., Birmingham, Mich.: This park is situated mostly in Wyoming, but partly in Montana and Idaho. It comprises 5,579 square miles. By act of Congress of March 1, 1872, it was dedicated as a public park or pleasure-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people. It contains the most striking mountains, gorges, falls, rivers and lakes in the whole Yellowstone region. The mountains are 10,000 to 12,000 feet high, and always covered with snow. The Grand Canon is 20 miles long, impassable and inaccessible except at a few points, and so deep that no sunshine ever reaches the one from the bottom. The Park contains a vast number of hot mineral springs. There are at least 50 geysers, that throw water 50 to 200 feet high, and the falls of the rivers are marvelous. The Park is 6,000 feet or more above the sea-level.

The Nickel-Plate Deal.

Inquirer, Delta, O., asks: "Please explain how Cal Brice made his money on the Nickel Plate road, as I understand it. He got it for a song, they say, and as the road did not pay, it was thrown into the hands of a receiver. How, then, did he make boodle out of it?"

The Nickel-Plate railroad, from Buffalo to Chicago, was built because the volume of traffic required it, but in order to compel W. H. Vanderbilt, who controlled the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern road, to buy it in. It formed a parallel competing line with the Vanderbilt lines. He could cut down rates so that the Vanderbilt lines would make no money; and its projectors shrewdly built it with a view of forcing its purchase. They succeeded. It was sold for $8,000,000, and it cost, we think, only about $3,000,000. The "boodle" was in this profit.

Lending Money in Kansas.

T. G. L. G., Rexford, Kan., writes: "I borrowed $300 on March 6, 1886, and gave a mortgage on my land to secure the note. The note was made for $300, bearing 10 per cent interest. I only got $270, as the $30 was taken out for commission. Can they collect by law the $30 and 10 per cent interest?" It is impossible for me to find out anything about it from a lawyer here, as they are all loaning money at usurious interest."

The $30 commission can be collected, of course. The fact that you signed the note bars you, we think, from any attempt at recovery. We do not know what the legal rate in Kansas is; but if 10 per cent is not allowed by the statute, you could probably get off with only the legal rate. Such questions should not be sent us. We cannot be expected to know the laws of every state on every subject, nor do we wish to answer legal questions.

"Committee of the Whole."

S. H. B., McCracken, Kan.: The United States Senate does not formally resolve itself into "a committee of the whole Senate on the state of the Union," as does the House. In the latter body the speaker leaves the chair, a chairman is appointed, and the proceedings are exactly in the same form as a committee. When the committee of the whole rises, the speaker resumes the chair, and the chairman then reports to the House, which then acts on and may report the same as if it came from a regular committee.

The Senate does the same thing in effect, but not in the same way. A motion is made, not that the Senate go into committee of the whole, as is done in the House, but that the measure, whatever it is, "be considered as in committee of the whole." The vice president keeps his seat, and the matter is considered and a conclusion reached in the same way as is done in the House.

Your other question is answered elsewhere.

Causes of Panics.

C. T., Gridley, Ill.: 1—Low tariffs have not been the only cause of panics and hard times in this country. The cause of the period of inflation of values, due to depreciated currency, brought on the panic of 1873. The dull period of 1883 was due to the sudden decline in railway building. Railroads had been extended further than the needs of traffic, and there was a sudden cessation in building them. This caused a decline in the consumption of iron, furnaces went out of blast, and dull times followed.

2.—Read "Looking Backward" itself. We shall not summarize it for you. 3.—See "McGinty," in Bureau of Jan. 30.

Rain-Proof Whitewash.

M. H. L., McFarland, Kan., sends this in reply to the request of Subscriber, Roseburg, Ore.:

Out-buildings and fences may be greatly benefitted by using the following wash: Take a clean water tight box or barrel, and put into it a quantity of lime. Slack by pouring over it five gallons of boiling water; stir well while slacking. Keep slackened thin with sufficient water for use, adding one pound sulphate of zinc and one-half pound common salt. If shades of coloring are desired, add to above—for a beautiful cream—one and one-half pounds yellow ochre; for a lead color add lamp black or ivory black; for fawn color use two pounds umber—Turkish or American—one-half pound Indian red and one-half pound lamp black. The above proportions are for one peck of lime; larger quantities in proportion.

Wool Product and Imports.

Subscriber, Tacoma, Wash.: The following table gives the total annual wool production of the United States from 1880 to the present, its consumption, and the total imports in pounds for the same year:

	Produced.	Imported.
1880	232,500,000	133,581,247
1881	240,000,000	55,864,236
1882	272,000,000	67,861,744
1883	290,000,000	70,575,478
18-4	300,000,000	78,350,051
1885	308,000,000	70,596,170
1886	302,000,000	129,084,958
1887	285,000,000	114,038,030
1888	269,000,000	113,558,703

The schedule of wool duties was published in the Bureau of January 30.

The New States—Area, Population, Capitals.

J. E. A., Alvordton, O.: The area of North Dakota is 75,000 square miles; population, 225,000. The area of South Dakota is 77,000 square miles; population, 375,000. The population figures are the estimates of the governors of those states on January 1, 1890. Oklahoma is not an organized territory.

H. H. H., Dallas, Wis., and S. S. A., Steubenville, O.: "The capitals of the four new states are: Montana, Helena; North Dakota, Bismarck; South Dakota, Pierre; Washington, Olympia. 2—George H. Pendleton died at Brussels, in November 24, 1889.

The Date of Christ's Birth.

Reader, Mt. Gilead, O., asks: "Please give me all the information you can as to why Christ's birth is dated four years B. C. Who was the author of the discrepancy, other changes made, and author of same?"

There is much uncertainty as to the date of Christ's birth. Dionysius Exiguus, who lived in the sixth century, who made inquiries into the matter, concluded that Christ was born in the 4th year of the 194th Olympiad, which was 754 A. U. C. (from the founding of Rome). His chronology was received, and that year was fixed on as A. D. 1. This has been proved to be wrong, however, in a number of ways—one of them, for instance, being that King Herod died before 754 A. U. C. Matthew ii, 1-19, shows that Herod was alive when Christ was born. For a number of reasons, not necessary to recapitulate, it is believed that Christ's birth took place in 750 A. U. C., or 4 B. C.

Rosa Bonheur.

Reader, Allison, Mo.: Rosalie (commonly called Rosa) Bonheur, the famous female French painter, was born at Bordeaux, March, 1822. Her father, Raymond Bonheur (died 1853) was an artist of merit. In 1841 Rosa contributed for the first time to the French exhibition. In 1853 her famous "Horse Fair" was the principal attraction of the Paris exhibition. Since 1849 she has directed the school of design for young girls. During the siege of Paris, 1870-71, her studio and residence were respected by the German soldiers, by special order of the Crown Prince Frederick William.

Silver Coins of 1853.

W. C. E., Merma, Neb., writes: "What legislation is there in regard to silver coins of 1853? I have been informed that a bonus was offered for the purpose of calling them in."

You are entirely misinformed. There is no legislation on the subject, nor are the coins of 1853 to be called in. What you mean, probably, is to ask if dealers and collectors pay any premium on silver coins of 1853. The dollar of 1853 is worth 85; the quarter, without arrows, from 82 to 84, according to condition. There is no premium on the half-dollar. Now don't ask us where you can sell them. Read Rule 2 above.

Books for the Family.

B. M. S., Pigeon Falls, Wis., asks: "What books are most suitable for a good family library? I have Walter Scott's and Shakespeare's works, also Allen's medical cyclopedia, and am a subscriber to *Scribner's Magazine*. What books should I get besides the above mentioned?"

That is a very difficult question to answer. We do not know whether you wish fiction, history, biography, science, theology, poetry, juveniles, or a mixture of all. There is a book entitled "The Best Reading," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, which we would advise you to consult. It enumerates the best books in all lines.

Some Census Queries.

A. J., Vincennes, Ind.: We published in the last issue of the Weekly BLADE, 8th page, headed "Census Supervisors," all the appointments of supervisors so far made. This week we give another batch, under the same head. Watch the "News of the Week," they will all be given as fast as appointed.

Mars, Cuba, Kan.: The list of questions to be asked by enumerators of citizens have not yet been prepared, and we don't know what will be required. We will try to ascertain from Washington and answer later.

O. G., Greentown, Ind.: See "Taking the Census," Bureau of January 30.

Ad Valorem and Specific Duties.

R. M. G., ——: A specific duty is a fixed sum per bushel, pound, ton, yard, etc., irrespective of the cost of the imported articles; hams, 2 cents a pound; steel rails, $17 per ton; looking-glass plates, 4 to 60 cents a square foot, and so on.

An ad valorem duty is a fixed per cent on the cost of the imported article at the point of shipment; thus, imported books pay a duty of 25 per cent ad valorem; that is, if the book cost $2 in Paris, and was imported here, 50 cents duty would be added to it.

We can not publish a list of all dutiable articles, for lack of space.

No President Before Washington.

R. D. C., Ft. Wayne, Ind., and T. H. B., Mercraclen, Iowa: There was no such office as President of the United States before the adoption of the present constitution, in 1789. Read the "Articles of Confederation" for the scheme of government under which the United States got along from 1781 to 1789, and the first time to the French

TOLEDO BLADE.

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TO COMRADES WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER.

Our soldier friends are sending us in lists of names of comrades who do not take THE BLADE, that we may mail them sample copies, and receive their aid in working for a more liberal and just scale of pensions. Quite a number of comrades and others will receive sample copies of this issue. To them we say: We want the aid of your influence in our effort to build up public sentiment all over the country in favor of better pension legislation; to this end, we ask you to subscribe, and for your help to get others to do so. The influence of a paper is in direct proportion to the number of people who read it; and we propose to make our work count with Congress in this matter. We propose to *compel* our dilatory law-makers to do something; and to make the pension question a leading issue in the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress at the polls this fall. Will you help us? If you will, send us your subscription *at once*, so that you may secure the series of articles on "The Pension Question," which will constitute an array of irrefutable arguments from the veterans. Give us the aid of your example, your assistance, and your influence!

NEW TYPE FOR THE BLADE.

We are glad to announce to THE BLADE readers that we have placed an order with a leading New York type foundry for an entire new dress of type for THE BLADE. It may interest our friends to know that it requires nearly *five tons* of type to furnish us with a new outfit. This is in process of manufacture, and THE BLADE will, in a few weeks, appear in its new spring suit. THE BLADE is now as well printed as is any other paper whose great circulation requires the use of the fastest modern web presses; and when the new type arrives it will be one of the finest papers, typographically speaking, ever presented to the American public. Mindful of the fact that many of our older readers complain that the present type is too small, we have secured a bolder and larger face, yet so compact that, while more easily read, we can get practically as much matter in a column as with the present dress. We hope to have this splendid new dress ready in from four to six weeks. Meanwhile, renew your subscriptions, and secure the best family paper in the United States for another year.

"LADDY'S AMBITION."

A very attractive feature of the Young Folk's Department next week will be a story by the well known writer, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, a fresh, breezy tale of the Maine woods, which is full of fascination, as well as of strength. It cannot fail to please the young people. LADDY'S ambition is just such as fills many a boy's heart in the days when he thinks that he knows not only what he wants, but what is best for him, much better than do his elders. The young people, and older ones, too, will not lay it down after they have once begun to read, until they know the outcome of the boy's adventures. The lesson taught is a grand one. It will be nicely illustrated.

THE decision of the United States Supreme court as to the constitutionality of the Edmunds-Tucker Idaho test oath, prohibiting the Mormons from exercising the right of suffrage, was not only good law, but was an exhibition of what the law sometimes does not appear to be—sound common sense. The court holds that polygamy is a crime and that the constitutional provision guaranteeing freedom of religion is not intended to prevent punishment of any person who, in the name of religion, commits a crime in the eyes of the law. This decision will not be comforting to the Democrats, who desire to bring Idaho, Utah and Arizona into the Union under Mormon Democratic rule; but it will be gladly welcomed by all right thinking persons who believe in the employment of every proper effort to stamp out polygamy, the worst blot upon our present civilization.

ALTHOUGH the papers are full of paragraphs about civil service reform, it is astonishing that so few people actually know what is meant by the great movement that has engrossed the attention of the leading men of the nation. Recognizing the lack of positive information on this important subject, THE BLADE arranged with the Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, member of the Civil Service commission, for an article setting forth clearly and plainly the objects of the commission, and the results it expected to accomplish. This article appears in another column of to-day's issue, and we commend it to the careful attention of our readers, all of whom will be sure to get new and reliable information on a very important matter.

THE biggest railway project ever actually put in operation is the Russian government's 4,500 mile railroad across Siberia, work on which will begin this spring. Its estimated cost is $220,000,000. This is an age when the cost of any project, however enormous it may be, provided it gives promise of a reasonable source of profit, is never considered an obstacle. Large sums of money, almost beyond human comprehension, are raised without any apparent difficulty. Such a scheme as the bridging of the English channel easily finds willing capitalists eager to undertake it. The next century will see improvements of this sort made at which the people of to-day would stand amazed, could they but view them.

SPEAKING of SHERMAN'S anti-trust bill, a BLADE subscriber at Alexandria, O., makes this suggestion for its amendment:

"I think the bill should be so amended as to prevent any company, corporation, or individual from engaging in any more than one kind or line of business. For instance, that no railroad company shall engage in coal mining, ore mining, or water transportion; that no coal company shall engage in that of common carrier; that the Standard Oil company shall not engage in any other business than the refining of crude petroleum, etc."

SO LONG as the old rebels remain in charge there can be no such thing as a "New South."

HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?

The Time Has Come to Do Justice to the Veterans.

Let Us Make an Energetic Effort to Obtain It.

THE BLADE believes the time has come when the nation should take a long step forward in the matter of pensioning the survivors of the Union army of 1861-65. In the issue of the Weekly BLADE of March 6, we shall publish the first of a series of articles, entitled

"THE PENSION QUESTION,"

In which we shall discuss the whole subject, show what has already been done, point out what justice and fair play dictate as still necessary to be done, and, in fact, present the case of

The Soldier

In its true light before the American people, with the design of rousing popular attention and interest, and of thereby

Compelling Congress

To take the steps which are necessary in order that justice, already too long delayed, shall be done to the gray-headed, broken-down and invalid survivors of the glorious army which crushed the rebellion, preserved the Union intact, and rendered possible the magnificent progress which, in a quarter of a century, has made us one of the richest, the most prosperous and the most powerful nations on the globe.

For years the veterans have murmured at the lack of equity in the present pension laws. Not only is the aid they provide granted to a portion only of the soldiers, but their provisions are too exacting as regards the furnishing of the proofs now required to enable the claimant to avail himself of them. These laws need thorough revision, and the sweeping away of all useless red-tape requirements. The conditions to be fulfilled should be made so plain that they can be managed by the old soldier himself, so that, if he prefers to do so, he can apply, without the services of a claim agent, thus saving him this unnecessary expense, which aggregates tens of thousands of dollars annually.

Does the Nation Lack Patriotism?

THE BLADE proposes to take up the case of the men who wore the blue, with the view of obtaining justice for them. We shall endeavor to rouse the citizens of the nation to a sense of the real obligation they owe the veterans; and, with the conscience of the whole people quickened, a pressure will be brought to bear upon Congress, so that proper legislation can be reached.

And we wish to reach as many people as possible with this appeal. We desire every old soldier to read this series of articles, as it will furnish him with arguments to meet and overthrow those of the opponents of pension legislation. We desire every Republican to read them, that he may throw his influence in favor of this good cause. We desire every young voter to read them, that he may have the truth set before him.

Will You Help Us?

We ask every soldier, every comrade of the Grand Army, every Republican, every reader of THE BLADE, to do one little thing *at once* to aid in this. It is, to send us, *this week* if possible, a list of names of persons—voters and heads of families—in their vicinity, to whom we may mail the issue of THE BLADE containing the first article of this series. Don't delay, but do it *immediately*. We want at least one hundred thousand names within the next two weeks. Help us to get them!

THERE is a manufactured boom in progress among the Illinois Democrats in favor of Gen. PALMER for senator, to succeed Mr. FARWELL, whose term expires March 4, 1891. The proposition is to work up such an overwhelming feeling in the party ranks for him that his candidacy shall be endorsed by the Democratic state convention, and then to make the campaign for the election of members of the state legislature next November on that issue. There is solid political wisdom in this course. It will avoid all the scandal of a senatorial auction, such as we have had in Ohio; it will give the Democrats an issue in the legislative campaign; and if the Republicans adopt a similar course, it will come as near an election of an United States senator by the people as is possible without an amendment to the federal constitution. We expect our Republican brethren of Illinois to adopt the same tactics and lay Mr. PALMER on the shelf along with his party. We suggest that GOV. FIFER is the senatorial candidate upon which the Republicans of Illinois should unite. He whipped PALMER beautifully for the governorship and would be an easy winner in the senatorship contest.

THE New York *Herald* has been a mugwump Democratic sheet for years; but once in a while it has a gleam of candor and fairness, of which the following editorial article is an excellent sample:

"Some of our contemporaries are criticising the Blaine-Lincoln extradition treaty and at the same time praising the Bayard-Phelps treaty.

"Everybody to his taste. The American people will prefer the Blaine-Lincoln treaty, because it is definite, specific and refuses to surrender persons who may be 'wanted' for political offences. It is an excellent and sufficient treaty, and in the American spirit.

"The Bayard treaty was a very different thing. It guaranteed the surrender of almost everybody on almost any pretence, and it was rejected by the Senate after having received the strong condemnation of almost the whole public except Secretary Bayard. It was such a treaty as no British minister would have dared to conclude with the third Napoleon, and as no free and self-respecting government would consent to."

THE question whether JEFF DAVIS wore womanly attire, either partly or entirely, when he was captured, has for years been a much-disputed point. We think it is settled by the article in the February *Century*, in which the history of his capture is told by the men concerned in it. The accounts differ in some unimportant details, but all agree in the one historic statement that DAVIS was disguised in female clothing. That ought to settle the matter. The men who were there certainly know whether he wore a dress or not.

THE long gubernatorial contest in West Virginia has been finally settled by the seating of FLEMING, the Democratic candidate. This was expected, for the Democrats had all the machinery in the election, were a majority on the investigating committee and also a majority in the legislature. Gen. GOFF made a gallant fight for his rights, but was defeated. He has acquiesced in the result, and FLEMING will be inaugurated Governor to-morrow.

THE NEW RULES.

The House committee on Rules has made its report, after a long waiting, due to courtesy to the dilatory Democrats constituting the minority of the committee. True to their policy of delay, the Democratic caucus resolved to ask for "more time" to consider what they will do about the code of rules. It is fully in evidence that they do not propose to allow any business to be done by the House in which party questions are involved, if they can prevent it.

Fortunately, the new rules, which will be adopted in spite of any opposition the Democratic members may make, put it out of the power of the minority to delay legislation by purely dilatory parliamentary tactics. The more important changes made over the old rules are as follows:

The Speaker will not be expected to entertain dilatory motions—the Speaker to decide what is dilatory.

Providing for ascertaining whether there is a quorum present when the vote does not show one. This rule authorizes the Speaker to count members present but not voting, in making up a quorum; it provides that the clerk, under the direction of the Speaker, shall note the names of members present and not voting, and hand the list to the Speaker to be read.

The elimination of motions to take a recess or adjourn over to a day set.

When any proposition is under consideration, not more than one motion to adjourn will be allowed.

Fixing a quorum in the committee of the Whole 100 instead of 165, as at present.

All public bills are to be handed to the Speaker and by him referred under the rules, and not to be offered in the open House, as has heretofore been the custom. By this rule bills may be introduced at any time.

The House calendar is to be dispensed with and all bills will go either to the private calendar or to a Union calendar—that is, the committee of the Whole on the state of the Union calendar.

House bills amended by the Senate to be taken up at once upon being returned to the House. The committee of the Whole has the right to close debate on any paragraph or amendment thereto without reporting to the House.

The old morning hour is to be restored for the consideration or bills reported by the committees. At the close of sixty minutes, if the matter is undisposed of, a motion may be made to go into committee of the Whole to take up a given measure, to which an amendment shall be in order—that is, substituting some other bill—which motion, if lost, the morning hour continues until the subject matter is considered, without regard to the time consumed.

Everybody must admit that the changes which put it in the power of the majority to avoid the waste of time by a factious minority, through all sorts of dilatory parliamentary tactics, is an improvement. Especially is the new rule to be commended which counts every member who is in the House as present, whether he sees fit to vote or not. To say that a man is to be considered as absent because, for partisan reasons, he refuses to vote, is simply an absurdity. The sober common sense of the nation will indorse the adoption of this change, and the abolition of the senseless red-tape precedent which is of no value except as a means of delay and waste of time.

The Democrats of the House should be satisfied. They have asseverated that the country was going to the "demnition bow-wows," and that the liberties of the people were in danger, because the House was proceeding under ordinary parliamentary usage, without special rules for specific cases. Now the rules are ready; let us have them adopted, that the representatives of the people may at once get down to business.

THE LAST CHANCE TO OBTAIN "ANDERSONVILLE."

For a year or so we have not been advertising the famous book, "Andersonville," because we intended to abandon its publication, supposing that every one who wished it was supplied. Still, the orders have kept dropping in, two or three a week, which we have filled from the copies remaining from former editions. These being exhausted, we have had printed a final edition of 1,300 copies, which are now ready for delivery. When these are exhausted, the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable.

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 1,300 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print.

HON. JOHN M. THURSTON, of Nebraska, in the following personal judgment of President HARRISON, voices the sentiment of those who are best acquainted with the nation's chief magistrate:

"In one phase of his character Mr. Harrison is much misrepresented by his enemies and almost as much misunderstood by many of his friends. He is pointed as a close, unapproachable, almost surly man, with no sympathetic character whatever. The fact is, that in his public relations he is grave and dignified, measuring all matters with a solicitous care that the judgment may be flawless, and disposed to restrain himself from utterances which jolly or malice may misconstrue. Yet in his private relations, in hours of leisure, and among friends whom he trusts implicitly, he is affable to such a degree that the President of the United States is a jolly and companionable gentleman. That would be an opinion close to the truth."

THERE is neither reason nor justice in the howl of the Democrats in Congress that the Republicans have tried to deprive them of any right. The majority has a right to rule, which the minority in Congress denies. Mr. MILLS announced months ago that the Republican congressional majority should handle no business without the consent of the minority, and the filibusters tried to carry out their threat to the best of their ability. Speaker REED'S ruling, that members present are to be counted as being present, whether they vote or not, proved a complete check to their foolishness, and all the vaporing in which they may indulge can not make sensible people imagine that any injustice has been done the minority.

IT was a condition that confronted Speaker REED, not a theory. The condition was, that more than a quorum of the House was present, plainly visible to his eyes, and the Democratic portion quite audible, as they abused him and showered vile epithets, such as no gentleman ever uses, upon him. The theory was, that these fellows were "absent" unless they voted on a measure. The Speaker recognized the condition, acted thereon, and knocked the theory into innocuous desuetude.

SOME of the clerks in the departments at Washington are complaining because they are being held to a stricter accountability than under former administrations for their drinking habits at luncheon. Beer drinking, to say nothing of liquor drinking, is distinctly frowned upon, they feel, although formal rules have not been promulgated about it, and they do not feel inclined to incur the possibility of dismissal by indulgence. If they desire to drink they should resign.

THE Iowa Supreme court has handed down a decision which deals a heavy blow at mining corporation stores. It is, that the state law forbidding the payment of wages in anything but money is unconstitutional. Public sentiment in Iowa should back up the law and compel the abolition of the "pluck-me" system, which is so effective an agency in getting labor for half its value by paying for it in goods at 100 per cent profit.

CORRECTING CALVIN.

The Presbyterian church in the United States has been for a long time in a ferment on doctrinal points. For years the leaven of charity has been working in the church, and it finally resulted in the inauguration of a movement for the revision of the Westminster confession of faith. The various presbyteries throughout the country have been discussing the proposition to revise, and the recent action of the New York presbytery is significant of the coming change. Last November that body, by a vote of 67 to 15, declared in favor of revision, and after discussion in January as to what those changes should be, a vote was taken the other day on the committee's report thereon, resulting in its adoption by a vote of 93 to 43. Of course the action of any one presbytery is merely advisory, as the General Assembly, the supreme council of the church in the United States, alone has authority to make the change.

While the clergy are debating this matter, the laity of the Presbyterian church long ago ceased to bother their heads over dry details of doctrine, perferring to interest themselves with the practical work of Christianity. It is a remarkable fact, which can be tested by any one, that not one in three of the membership of any Presbyterian congregation possesses a copy of the Westminister confession, or can explain readily the portions which it is desired to revise. They probably took it on faith when they united with the church, not caring particularly for the doctrines enunciated by JOHN CALVIN nearly two centuries and a half ago. As a matter of interest, we print the sections under consideration, as they now stand in the confession of faith. The first are part of the third chapter, which is headed, "Of God's Eternal Decree:"

"3. By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death.

"4. These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

"7. The rest of mankind [the non-elect] God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of His glorious justice."

The sections following are for the tenth chapter, which is headed, "Of Effectual Calling:"

"3. Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when and where and how He pleaseth. So also are all other elect persons who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the Word.

"4. Others not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the Word and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet they never truly come unto Christ, and therefore can not be saved. Much less can men not professing the Christian religion be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature and the law of that religion they do profess, and to assert and maintain that they may, is very pernicious and to be detested."

These contain doctrines largely repugnant to the broader charity and the more enlightened views of the Creator, prevalent in this age. The effort is making to change these sections so as to substitute the love of GOD in the first, instead of His wrath, and to admit the salvation of infants, and the possibility of the salvation of the heathen, in the other. The Chicago *Tribune* has the following timely comment on the proposed revision:

"They [the above sections] were adopted 247 years ago, at a time when their subscribers had just emerged from the Catholic church and everything was in confusion. When Calvin, who was a dry, abstract thinker, came to these conclusions weaker men readily adopted them, and they have remained in the Confession to the present time. The curious feature of the question is that they were not revised out of the creed long ago, for religious thought outgrew them a century ago. They have fallen into 'innocuous desuetude.'

"The church is going on with a living creed and at the same time is hanging to a dead creed, to which not one of the laity is obliged to subscribe. All that has saved it is the human tendency to hold fast to old dogmas. The power of inertia or conservatism is great. It is easier to sit still than it is to get up and move. Two hundred and fifty years of moss and fungus have saved these dogmas, which would have been cleared sufficient cause for a *writ de lunatico inquirendo* and they been written by any Presbyterian brother in the year of grace 1890."

INDIAN COMMISSIONER MORGAN.

A subscriber at Wayne, Kan., takes exception to a recent paragraph in THE BLADE regarding Roman Catholic opposition to the confirmation of Indian Commissioner MORGAN. He certainly misapprehended the position we take. We believe that the government policy of paying money to Indian schools under the control of any religious denomination is utterly wrong. The reason for the opposition to MORGAN is that he favors schools on the reservations for all Indian children, under the direct control of the government, and the consequent withdrawal of the annual sums paid to various church schools for the education of Indian youth. We think MORGAN is entirely right, and we not only want him confirmed, but his policy carried out. There was a false step made in the beginning, in ever giving a penny to any religious body for the education of Indians. That wrong step should be retraced. The opposition to Mr. MORGAN'S confirmation is because the church does not wish to lose the money it gets for the schooling of these children. We denounce such opposition, no matter from whence it comes—whether from Catholics, or Methodists, or Episcopalians, or anybody else.

The constitution of the United States recognizes no religious test for citizenship or office-holding, and recognizes no church. This is as it should be. And that principle, logically carried out, demands that not one cent of public money shall ever go to any institution owned or controlled or superintended by any religious denomination. Religion is made a private and personal matter with the citizen, and the churches must be kept on the same plane. And it is a vital point that governmental aid shall not be given to the schools of any denomination. Education and religion are separate and distinct things, and must be kept so. We oppose the plan of paying money to support church schools among the Indians, and we honor Mr. MORGAN for the stand he has taken against them. Our Kansas friend must make the distinction. We are not fighting his church, but a mistaken policy of the government, and the efforts of some zealous churchmen to continue that policy—and who, as a means to that end, are opposing Mr. MORGAN'S confirmation.

THE House of Representatives has acted upon one contested election case, but there are sixteen more which will demand its attention. The committee on Elections will be kept very busy until these cases are disposed of. It may be safely predicted that Republicans will be seated in the majority of instances, for the contests are in districts where frauds have manifestly been practiced by the Democrats.

WITH the aid of the sheriff, the Montana legislature has secured a quorum, and commenced the transaction of business. BECKER, the arrested senator, declined to vote, but was counted as present by the lieutenant governor, who followed the precedent set by Speaker REED.

THE Republicans in Congress are sticking well together and are pursuing a conservative course.

A PRETENDER'S FIASCO.

France has the misfortune to have a number of pseudo-princes who claim to have an undoubted right to rule her people because they are descended from men who once were French kings. The only basis of these claims is the alleged "divine right" of kings to rule, whether the people are willing or not. But long ago France rose against her kingly brood, and drove them beyond her borders. Their descendants are simply pretenders, with no shadow of claim upon the country—for France is a republic, ruled by her own people, and thrones and crowns and sceptres are but the symbols of a dead and gone past, never again to be resurrected.

The list of French or imperial pretenders is a long one. Of the Napoleonidæ, there is no direct descendant of either NAPOLEON I or NAPOLEON III. Prince NAPOLEON, son of JEROME, youngest brother of NAPOLEON the Great, is the head of the Imperialist brood. He has two sons, NAPOLEON VICTOR, born in 1862, and NAPOLEON LOUIS, born in 1864. There are about a dozen living BONAPARTES, of various degrees of consanguinity to the Jerome stem. The Bonapartist faction is divided into "Jeromists," adherents of Prince NAPOLEON, and "Victoristes," who favor of his elder son, VICTOR.

The Bourbon descendants of the old French kings were represented by the Count of CHAMBORD, who died in 1883. By this event the elder line became extinct, and the succession went to the Count of PARIS, the eldest son of LOUIS PHILIPPE, who was King of the French from 1830 to 1848, but who was then driven out by a revolution. The Count of PARIS has two sons and four daughters. The eldest son is PHILIPPE LOUIS ROBERT, Duke of ORLEANS. This young man was born on February 6, 1869, and hence attained his 21st birthday on February 6 of this year.

This young sprig of the Bourbon pretenders has got himself into trouble by violating the French law, which forbids any one of the family from setting foot on French soil. He arrived in Paris on the 6th, bearing a "manifesto" from his father, the Count of PARIS, announcing to the adherents of his pretensions his abdication in favor of Duke ROBERT; and it seems probable that his coming was but part of a plot to attempt a revolution which, if successful, should overthrow the republic, re-establish the kingdom, and put ROBERT on the throne.

Whatever the plan may have been, it miscarried entirely. Duke ROBERT is in prison, and there appears to have been not the slightest enthusiasm for the young pretender. Probably the boy will be escorted to the frontier and allowed to depart with an admonition to stop his foolishness. The days of royalty are, we hope and believe, over forever in France. There will doubtless be attempts made, from time to time, by some pretender to overthrow the republic, but they will come to naught. The people rule, and laugh at the ridiculous assumption of purblind fools to the possession of any hereditary "right" to rule. *Vive la Republique!*

PRUDENCE CRANDALL PHILLEO.

The death of MRS. PRUDENCE CRANDALL PHILLEO, at Elk Falls, Kansas, on January 26, recalls the early days of the anti-slavery struggle, and that lady's connection therewith. In 1831 she opened a boarding-school for girls in Canterbury, Conn. In this school a colored girl named HARRIS worked for her board, and was also given some instruction in reading, writing and the lower branches. This brought forth a protest from some of the patrons of the schools and the citizens of Canterbury. It was demanded that Miss CRANDALL turn the colored girl out and send her away, but she refused to do so. Then most of her patrons withdrew from her school, and she then proceeded to carry out an idea she had cherished for some time of establishing a school exclusively for colored girls, and at once published her announcement to that effect.

Her action caused much indignation in the community. A public meeting was held and resolutions were passed against allowing the "nigger" school to be conducted in their midst. A committee waited on Miss CRANDALL and warned her not to commence the school, or it would be violently suppressed. The state legislature passed a law making it a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment to teach colored scholars, and as Miss CRANDALL persisted in trying to run her school, she was arrested and thrown into jail. Pending her trial her school house was stoned, windows smashed in, wells filled with filth, etc. She was twice tried and convicted under the newly enacted law, and appealing her case was finally cleared on a technicality. She then attempted to resume her school, but a mob dispersed it, destroyed her furniture and burned her house, and she was forced to leave the community. This, in 1833, was the first attempt ever made in the United States to establish a school for colored girls, and at that day Miss CRANDALL'S case was a matter of national interest.

Miss CRANDALL married Rev. CALVIN PHILLEO shortly after the breaking up of her school, they removing first to New York, afterward to Illinois, and finally to Kansas. A few years ago the Connecticut legislature voted her an annuity of $400, as a small return for the damage done by the mob of 1833. This enabled her to live in comparative comfort till her death. Verily, humanity has made progress in the comparatively brief space of time between 1833 and the present.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $3. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

"THE majority must rule," says Mr. Reed. Very true. But if you can't keep your constitutional majority in the House attending to business then it should not rule.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

You juggle with the word "majority." The constitution declares that a quorum shall be a majority of the House—that is, more than half the entire number of members, and shall be able to transact all business. A majority of that quorum can pass any measure, save those that require a two-thirds vote. There were more than half the total membership present in their seats; and the Republicans had a majority of that quorum. By your juggle, you are endeavoring to say that the Republicans must have present a majority of the whole house in order to legally transact business. What rot!

THE Democrats have stolen the lieutenant governorship of this state and the governorship of West Virginia, but they were unable to carry out the threat made by Mr. ROGER Q. MILLS, that the Republicans in the House could only enact such legislation as the minority should see fit to permit. Speaker REED'S firmness checked Bourbon devilry in that direction very effectually.

TEN DOLLARS FOR CLUBS!

THE BLADE is now offering the highest cash payments for clubs of any of the newspapers of the country. Those who wish to raise clubs and receive a cash premium will please write to us for confidential terms to agents.

Those who desire to earn one or more of the other premiums on our list, should read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

As an aid in raising clubs, write to us for all the specimen copies you may need. We will gladly furnish them free.

THE COST OF LABOR AND THE TARIFF.

The contention of the free traders is that *cheapness* is the only thing to be considered. A great many persons in this country are willing to accept this dictum as correct. But, after all, is cheapness the only thing to be considered in formulating a national policy? Is the financial welfare of the working class of no value? Let us examine the question a little.

The price of any article in the market to the consumer is made up of four factors:

1.—The original cost of the raw material.

2.—The cost of the labor required to convert that raw material into the finished product.

3.—The cost of transportation to the consumer.

4.—The profits demanded by the manufacturer, the jobber and the retailer.

The last item—the profit—depends upon the competition between manufacturers, and between the merchants. The one item which is, as a rule, the largest, is the cost of the labor; and the whole tariff question, as regards the cheapness of the product, is the one of the cost of that labor.

It is a fact, admitted by all intelligent men, that the only reason certain classes of goods can be produced more cheaply in England than here is because labor is cheaper there than here. The free trader argues that we "should buy where we can buy the cheapest"—that is, where the labor costs least. Then we should buy our manufactured goods in Asia, where five cents a day pays a man's wages.

Of course every thoughtful person knows that if we were to abolish the tariff, either our manufacturers here would be compelled to shut up shop, or cut their employes down to the foreign standard of wages. If the cheapest labor is to govern prices, why not repeal the Chinese Exclusion act, and fill our mines, our mills, our factories, our farms, our lumber camps, with Chinamen, who will work for wages too low for an American workingman to live upon? Is it not plain that the free trade argument for cheapness logically leads to this?

"But what would become of our own workingmen?" demands the reader. The free trader don't care what becomes of him. The principle of free trade is to get things as cheap as possible, without regard to the pay or the condition of the workmen whose labor produces them. They are fighting for a reduction of the tariff that would inevitably cut down the wages of our workingmen from one-third to one-half. The same line of argument would support the wholesale introduction of Chinese labor, in order that things might be made still cheaper.

There is the fatal defect of the free trade gospel of cheapness as a national policy. Manhood has no weight; an educated, industrious, well-paid working class is not considered as counting for anything as compared with the saving of a few cents in the price of an individual article. The doctrine of the protectionist is that "the laborer is worthy of his hire;" that the well-being of the great mass of the people, through an adequate return for their labor, is a necessity to the safety and well-being of the nation.

BRITISH GALL AND GRAB.

The Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, *Weekly Chronicle*, under the caption, "Ironclads for the United States," has the following editorial article, which we commend to the attention of the American people as a fine example of English gall, and well illustrative of the grasping propensities of British manufacturing interests:

"There is some likelihood, it seems, that the United States will follow the example of the British government and make a large addition to their navy. The treasury can well afford the expenditure. There is some talk about the increase consisting of ninety-two Ironclads! English shipbuilders are naturally desirous to have a share in the enormous undertaking. The American idea of protection will hardly, however, allow foreigners to reap much benefit from the enterprise. To meet this difficulty two or three large English shipbuilding firms are thinking of establishing branches in the States, just as Lord Armstrong has established a branch in Italy. The English shipbuilders think they will have no difficulty in obtaining a large proportion of the contracts if their agents and representatives are United States citizens. English breweries can flourish in America; why not shipyards?"

The idea of establishing branch agencies in "the States" (a common English term for the United States), in charge of American citizens, who will bid for the building of our naval vessels in the interest of their British masters, is "quite English, you know," but it will hardly work. We have better shipbuilders on this side of the Atlantic than there are even on Tyneside. Under the Cleveland administration plans for cruisers were obtained from England, and the vessels built according to them are by no means equal, especially as regards speed, to those built after plans by American shipbuilders. Nor is there any more need of sending to England to have vessels built than there is of getting English plans. The vessels constructed in our shipyards are equalled by none.

The "American idea of protection," too, demands that American mines shall furnish the ore, American furnaces and mills turn it into iron and steel, American workmen perform the labor and receive the money which is paid out, instead of sending it beyond the seas. Under the protective system we have enormously increased in wealth, simply by thus keeping our money at home, and turning our cities into teeming hives of productive industry, furnishing a home market for the bulk of our agricultural productions, both of food and the raw materials of our manufactures. And the design of English shipbuilders, set forth in the above article, should be balked, if in no other way than by the construction of these vessels at the government navy-yards, instead of letting contracts therefor.

DEMOCRATIC papers have not generally attempted to reply to Senator INGALLS'S speech on the race question and the treatment of the negro in the South. They content themselves either with abusing the Senator or the assertion that the speech is not deserving of criticism. The fact is he told some very plain but unpalatable truths which are simply unanswerable.

MR. PARNELL has acted wisely in accepting $25,000 and an apology from his traducer in settlement of his libel suit against the London *Times*. His vindication is complete.

NEXT November there are 330 members of the next House of Representatives to elect. Get ready in time to continue Republican control of the country.

A QUESTION AS TO THE THIRD PARTY.

The following letter, from a subscriber at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, seems to us to merit discussion, as it brings up, and evidently in good faith, a point which is fallacious:

"EDITOR BLADE:—Your paper is a good, clean, wholesome family paper, and that is the kind I like. But I believe the interests of Prohibition are best advanced by voting for men who will use their influence to suppress the liquor traffic; and would like to ask you, is it not possible that a third party might be just as sound upon other important questions that affect our government as the Republican party now is?"

Here is a sincere person who evidently believes fully the statements made. Let us examine them carefully, and determine whether they are valid arguments. It seems, doubtless, to the common reader, that there can be no exception made to the statement that "the interests of Prohibition are best advanced by voting for men who will use their influence to suppress the liquor traffic." In certain cases, we fully agree; but there are others in which such voting would be valueless. Now, our correspondent has in mind voting either (1) for law-makers who will make Prohibition laws, or (2) for officials who will execute such laws where they already exist.

In the first case, it does not advance Prohibition one step to vote for law-makers who will enact Prohibition laws, unless the public sentiment of the majority of the people of the state has been educated up to favor Prohibition, and to see in it the only real remedy for the evils of the Rum traffic. The first thing to do, the hardest thing to do, is this preliminary education. There are but few states in which it has been done to anything like the proper extent, and until it is done, laws would be a dead letter, not enforced, and impossible of enforcement. While it is true that over a great part of the state of Iowa, for instance, the Prohibitory law is fully enforced, yet in a few cities it is not only not enforced, nor can it be, because the majority of the people are opposed to it. The idea that all that needs doing is to pass a Prohibitory law has been a drag on the cause of Prohibition.

The thing which is not yet sufficiently done, and which must be done if Prohibition is be a success, is to build up public sentiment for Prohibition, and this, too, without exciting political animosity. THE BLADE knows that the work of educating people up to a belief in Prohibition is a slow and toilsome task. It is easier, far easier, to declaim against existing parties because they do not adopt Prohibition in their platforms, and pour out unstinted abuse upon them; but it don't advance the cause in the slightest. THE BLADE devotes its energies to this missionary work because it believes it the only possible way of ever reaching Prohibition. The opponents of it must be converted, that is all.

Hence we say to our friend, unless the majority of the people are ready for Prohibition, voting for men to enact Prohibition laws does no good. When Prohibitory laws are in force, and public sentiment backs them, it is all right to vote for candidates for executive office—for positions whose incumbents have the enforcement of those laws—who are pledged to strictly execute them; but it is not necessary to have a separate ticket. When the majority of the people favor the law, you will find the candidates of one or both parties ready to execute them fearlessly.

The second proposition of our correspondent is still less tenable. The letter asks, "Is it not possible that a third party might be just as sound upon other important questions as the Republican party?" Yes, it is possible, but it is not in the least probable. There are voters who believe in Prohibition in the Republican party, and in the Democratic party. If the third party did not favor protection, the Republican Prohibitionists would not support it; if it did favor protection, the Democratic Prohibitionists would not. If it favored a service pension, it would have voters leave it; if it opposed service pension, the soldier element would desert it. If it favored allowing the negroes in the South full political rights, not a Democrat would remain in it; if it favored bulldozing, not a Republican would stay in its ranks. And so on, with every question which divides the two great parties.

People who have not studied politics in a broad sense do not appear to comprehend the fact that the primary division of the voters of the United States into two great parties has existed ever since the foundation of the government. That division began in the debates on the formation of the constitution, between those who wished to make that instrument a mere rope of sand, and those who wished it to be made strong enough to make the Union one homogeneous whole. That difference as to the interpretation of the constitution has lasted for over a century, has been the line of division between the two great parties, in one form or other for all that time, and will continue to exist indefinitely.

There has never been a third party which rose up and displaced either of these two, no matter by what names they were called. No party is able to formulate a national policy that will take one side or the other of this radical difference of opinion. Hence there is nothing left to such an organization but to become a party of one idea, and that necessarily fails. The Greenback party was such a one; it has gone into oblivion. The plain, hard fact is, there are too many open questions before the people for them to abandon their political affiliations and join a new party, based on but one issue. A few do it, but the great bulk of citizens refuse to do it. Why, then, foolishly attempt to combat this prejudice, and to found a separate party on Prohibition, when 18 years' experience—for the third party's first national ticket was put in the field in 1872—demonstrates its failure? In the election of 1884, the total Prohibition vote was but one and one-half per cent of the total vote of the nation; in 1888 it was but two and one-fifth per cent—a gain of only seven-tenths of one per cent in four years, when the total vote of the nation in 1888 showed an increase of more than 1.3 per cent over that of 1884—the Democratic and Republican parties each gaining over 6 per cent. Does this show any possible future for the third party?

In point of fact, the third party is the great stumbling-block in the path of true Prohibition. It aims to erect a house before the foundation is laid, and the structure will not stand. THE BLADE believes in building the foundation, and is laboring steadily with that end in view. When a majority of the people of any state are educated up to the point of seeing that Prohibition is the only rational solution of the liquor problem, then Prohibition will come, not as the result of party action, but by the will of the people, as any other non-partisan legislation comes; the best men of all parties will join to crush out the saloon and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Minneapolis *Tribune* gives the following advice to the Democratic members of the House, which they must preforce act upon because they can't help themselves:

"Heed
Reed!"

SPEAKER REED calls it "a visible quorum," and he means a quorum that can be seen with the naked eye and counted, whether a lot of idiotic members present vote or not.

CURR

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

ABOUT THE PENSION QUESTION.

Another Batch of Letters to the Blade on This All-Important Matter.

THE letters are coming, as the boys came in response to Lincoln's call for troops to fight the battles of the Union against armed treason and rebellion. We are glad to get them, but beg to remind comrades that they must write only on *one side* of the paper. We can not use letters written on both sides. We have had to cut them all down, in order to get in as many as possible. Read what they say—it will give you a better idea of what they think and desire than can be obtained in any other way.

An Editor's View.

The *Isabella County Enterprise*, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., is kind enough to publish the following editorial article, and offer to aid in the work THE BLADE has in view. Its patriotic example is worthy of emulation by papers everywhere which are friendly to the soldiers:

We notice the Toledo BLADE is about to champion the soldiers' cause and ask for help. Here we go to lend a hand. Will each post in this county send us a list of their members? we will forward the names to the BLADE. We want, too, the name of every soldier, whether a member of any post or not. Hand them in. The time is now here to do justice to the nation's defenders. Though the majority be small, the Republicans now control both the Senate and the House, and have an old soldier in the presidential chair. Now let them act. We contend that every man who wore the blue and carried an honorable discharge has a right to a remuneration in cash. If wounded or otherwise disabled he should receive additional cash in proportion. The remuneration should come now, and to every man. The old heroes are fast passing away, and even the boys who, while in their teens went to battle to do duty, are now fast approaching the valley on the other side of life's meridian. They went when men and money were needed. They freely gave all they were; they now need compensation. Those who furnished money are repaid. Let the nation now repay the men for time, effort, exposure as well as for love of life and limb. They are fast fading away, and soon the number will become few, and the living of those who wore blue will be far between. Let us act now. Justice demands it; honor demands it; humanity demands it. Boys, Help now; we are with you. Send in your names.

A Strong Plea.

HEDGEWOOD, KAN.—I notice you propose to use THE BLADE in the interest of us old soldiers. Its interest is powerful. We need your help, and we are thankful. May we say a word for ourselves? Some one has said: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." That is right; but we feel like criticising a government that pays the millions and neglects its brave volunteer defenders as ours has done.

Our volunteer army was our pride; it was a year of its birth; but what nation would hesitate long before again volunteering to receive such treatment as ours has been. With such treatment of its soldiers, this government, even, cannot long depend upon a volunteer army, but must adopt the maxims of the countries of the old world. This may seem a wild assertion, but I believe it true. We love our country, we are loyal—this needs no demonstration; but we are sad to think of the indifference with which the government treats those "to whom honor is due."

Interest on their money is all our bondholders want; they have no fear of repudiation—their security is good, and therefore, let our dead stand 25 years, while the government gives its attention to the "boys" that are swiftly, yet helplessly, drifting to the silent majority.—D. E. S., Co. B, 15th Wis.

The Justice of the Claim.

MEYERSDALE, ILL.—The government has long since fulfilled its obligations to the moneyed men who bought the bonds, and I think the time is at hand that the government should fulfill its obligation to the soldiers who triumphantly bore the banner of this nation through four years of the most terrible of modern wars. While they sacrificed their bones, their health and their lives to sustain the nation's honor, thousands of men stayed at home and took advantage of the great opportunities to make money, while the soldier's month's wages wouldn't keep a bull of comfort. I think this government, in justice, ought to place them on an equality with those who stayed at home. I think justice demands that Congress shall repeal the arrearage act and put all pensions on an equal footing up to the present time. Then I think all disabled soldiers, whether disabled in the service or not, ought to have a pension of $12 per month from now as long as they live; then I think the government ought to make the pay of the soldier equal to gold while in the service.—G. S.

Sensible Tariff Ideas.

ELLENSBURG, WASH.—The question may be asked, where is the money to come from to pay service pensions? Well, instead of trying to reduce the surplus in the treasury by tariff reduction, let Congress reconstruct the tariff so as to give the highest revenue consistent with ample protection to home industry. The tariff is not a tax, nor is it a burden on the people; but it is a source of wealth, and if there is a surplus after paying the soldier his pension, let it be applied to internal improvements. I think THE BLADE the best family paper published; it is sound on the tariff and prohibition. Let us pulverize the rum power, which is the greatest curse of the country.—J. H. S.

Three Things Wanted.

ELKHART, IND.—The first thing Congress should do is to pass the Weaver bill, which was before Congress a few years ago, and pay the boys the difference between gold and greenbacks. That would equalize the pay, would please the majority of the boys, and the money would get into circulation. Then let congress get to work and repeal the arrearage act, and pass the one cent per day bill, as first proposed. There has been much said about equalizing the soldiers' bounties and pensions, but still nothing towards it. I think if the members of the Fifty-first congress want to keep their promises, they will do all they can towards getting the above three bills passed this session of congress: if they do not, I am afraid some of them may be elected to stay at home this fall.—E. F. H., 6th Wis. L. A.

A Voice from Kentucky.

PRINCETON, KY.—I am one of Kentucky's volunteers, and served over three years in the Federal army. I am also trying for a pension, and have been for six or seven years. I am highly in favor of the way you are talking up pensions; all of us old Kentucky soldiers are in favor of your idea.—D. N. D.

Time to Demand Action.

PRAIRIE VIEW, KAN.—The time has come for us to demand, without procrastination, of Congress to act, according to plighted faith and obligations toward the men who dared to do, and, if necessary, die, that their country might live as one undivided nation.—W. H. B., 7th Wis. L. A.

Straight Talk.

——, Mo.—I think I know the wants and wishes of the laboring and wealth producing class about as well as any man, as I have had every opportunity to find out; and I know they want no monkeying with the tariff, neither the one way nor the other. Leave the tariff where it is until the public debt is paid and the soldier has his long delayed dues.—J. R. M. (a Missouri farmer.)

It's Weary Waiting.

DANNEBROG, NEB.—I think it wrong for us to have to wait until we are 60 years old for a service pension. It is truly gratifying for such an influential paper as the old BLADE to lend off in the cause. Others will surely follow, and I hope you will make it hot for the soldier haters.—D. M. W.

Not So Prompt Now.

PLATTSTON, O.—If we had been as slow in answering the call to go the army in the 60's, or required as many affidavits as to our country's need as are now required of us soldiers to establish a claim for a pension, on account of our broken down health and shattered constitution, where would our noble republic be today? Lost, Lost!—J. A. S., Co. E, 28th Pa.

A Soldier's Wife Speaks.

MANNING, KAN.—I know of soldiers to-day living in poverty, and the government keeping back what rightfully belongs to them. My husband was a sergeant in Co. A, 17th Pa. Cav.; served three years, was wounded in the arm, was honorably discharged, and all the pension he is allowed is $2 per month. Is this doing justice? He has applied for an increase long since, but failed from some cause. We think THE BLADE is doing more for the soldier than any other paper published.—MRS. M. A. C.

Is it Justice?

EUREKA, MICH.—Twenty-seven years ago I enlisted in the 8th N. Y. H. A. I was promised $13 in gold a month. I served till the close of the war, was in the charge at Cold Harbor, W. Va., where we lost, in killed, wounded and taken prisoners, one-third of our number; lay in the mud and was finally discharged, paid off in depreciated currency, injured in health, and with less money in my pocket than I should have had if I had stayed at home; saying nothing of the comforts of home.—E. H. J.

A Service Pension.

SEYMERT, MO.—I think and trust the time has come (now that we have a Republican administration) when the old veterans will be cared for. It is a shame and a dishonor to any government to allow its defenders to become paupers and tenants of almshouses. Now that free trade (drover is laid in the shade, why not give the old soldiers a service pension—not as a gift, but to pay them for what they did? I ask, in what way can the surplus be disposed of so as to benefit the American people so much as by pensioning the soldier? Then I think this howl of hard time would cease; it would benefit one and all. I put voice the sentiment of the Republicans of this vicinity, when I say, Hurrah for THE BLADE and a service pension!—C. L. P.

A General Waking Up.

PATTONSBURG, MO.—I agree with you that there should be something done for the soldier, and that immediately. I think it is high time they should make a revision of the pension laws, for they are too exacting about the evidences. I am a disabled soldier, and have had a claim pending for this last seven years, and have proved my disability straight through, yet they are not satisfied. I am in favor of a general waking up.—W. K. S.

A Soldier's Son Talks.

PIERCE CITY, MO.—Although I am not a soldier, I am the son of one who stood at his post until wounded and disabled from further duty. Now, in his old age, he is obliged to support himself with the help of a very small sum from the government he risked his life to keep intact. He, with the balance of the Boys in Blue, purchased from treason a domain worth thousands of millions of dollars, but they are broken down with disease, racked with pain, and with stumps left in the place of sound, healthy limbs, there is a faint prospect that this mighty nation will so far recognize their services as to grant those who will come up and swear that they are paupers, a sum justly due *all* who wore the blue. I would like to see that dependent clause stricken out.

In 1861, when the best men of the country came forward to save it, the sprawling clerk did not ask if they were paupers; did not ask if they had young wives at home, or if they had enough laid up to keep them from starving during the time they were gone, if indeed they ever came back. But he did ask if they were in sound health. What did they get back? Little mounds of earth—many of them without a name—parts and pieces of men, and men racked with disease. Not a man of all that vast army came back as perfect as he went.

Now, then, let the soldiers stand together, as they did so long ago, and let the soldiers' sons say, "We will help you pass pension laws that will give every soldier his just dues." Give a service pension, conditioned upon disability to work, and age. Divest the present pension laws of half their red tape. It is comparatively easy for those with hospital records to obtain their pensions, but if a soldier had the backbone to stay with his regiment, and keep with his command, he finds it next to impossible to furnish the testimony required. In the nearly 25 years that has passed since the last act of that tragedy, it is almost impossible to keep track of those who were beside you when you were wounded. Many of the old comrades are dead, some are gone we do not know where, and some are in such a condition that their evidence could not be used.

During the last campaign the Democrats howled about the surplus. How did it come there in the vaults at Washington? The soldiers, when they risked their lives at the front, helped save this nation and put it in the condition that there could be a surplus.

Let us have pensions for those of us who, for the benefit of an undivided country amply able to pay at least as much pension as it ever paid interest. When the country was paying $150,000,000 a year interest the union ex-soldiers worked hard to get a start in the world, and paid a very large per cent without a murmur; but now when the boys, in consequence of the exposure and hard nervous and mental strain while fighting to preserve an undivided nation, find it hard to pay its debts dollar for dollar, have become so disabled they can no longer earn a livelihood, when the government is paying less than $100,000,000 pensions the pampered bondholder and ex-Knights of the Golden Circle set up a howl about how "pension fraud," "government paupers," "perjurers," etc., as though they were the only real loyal defenders the government ever had. They are the men who discouraged enlistment, encouraged desertions, and declared the war a failure.—J. G. M., Co. B, 5th W. Va. Cav.

Distribute the Surplus.

HUDSON, MO.—There is one thing that I can not understand—why some of the boys that enlisted in the latter part of 1861 and the first of 1862 have been out out of their bounty, just because they did not serve two years. Where is there any justice in this? I have known men to try for pensions who were hardly able to do any light work, who were examined by examining surgeons, and were reported able bodied men. Why it is so, I cannot tell. I tell you, boys, let us stop putting in these men who promise to do so much for us, and when they get into office forget all about us, and want to appropriate more money for larger vaults, and some soldier's son man to sit all day and count it and do nobody any good. The best way is to distribute it around where it will do good; give it to the old soldiers as pensions.—D. C. C.

A Scorching Criticism.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—I cast my first ballot for J. C. Fremont, and have voted the same way ever since. I served nearly two years of the last of the war in the 8th Wis. Independent battery; was discharged Aug. 16, 1865; contracted disease in the army; have not been able to do any work for twenty years; yet Commissioner Black said that 18½ cents a day is all I am entitled to and that only since 1880. If our government is to poor to do justice to its defenders, it would better be turned over to the rebs. I think they would be just as ready to take it now as ever. I think a service pension would come nearer to justice than any pauper bill. I want to see every member of Congress and Senator left at home after this session who don't work for the pension legislation that will do the most good to the majority.—N. S. R.

Too Severe Judgment.

MCDOWELL, ILL.—I am not in favor of a service pension, and there are hundreds crawling pensioners who are not worthy of them. I know men who are getting large pensions who are as mean copperheads as ever lived, and cannot say anything mean enough about the government. Such men deserve the rope instead of a pension. I say that, for any man who votes the Democratic ticket, his pension ought to be revoked for supporting the party that tried to destroy this government, and where would the pensions come from if the South and their Northern allies had been victorious? If it was in my power no Democrat or drafted man would ever get a pension. Perhaps some one may read this that won't like it, but I can't help it. I have not forgotten when I was a boy, in the days of Vallandingham in Ohio, when the Democrats would rejoice at every rebel victory, and then I think of Andersonville.—R. E. D., Co. H, 18th Ohio.

A Strong Plea.

JACKSON, O.—I, like others, do not like the word "dependent," for it sounds too much like charity; and if I understand the feelings of the old soldiers (and I think I do, for I am one of the number), they do not ask charity, but justice. I am therefore in favor of a service pension to all honorably discharged soldiers who served three months or more, and let the lowest amount to $8 per month. Let it begin at once. Why wait until thousands have gone to the eternal camping ground? Take my case, for instance. I am among the youngest of the old soldiers—43 years old. I do not receive a pension, and have never made any application for one, simply because I would not go to the hospital, and therefore I have no proof of sickness. There are thousands like me, and many that are in poor health and unable to earn a living for themselves and families. Shall we wait until all are old men, and a large majority shall have died, before any can receive help? I say no, a thousand times no; but let the party in power fulfill its pledge and give all a pension. There is another thing that I heartily condemn, and that is giving such large pensions to the widows of officers, while the widow of a soldier cannot get anything unless she can by overwhelming testimony prove that her husband died from wounds or disease contracted while in the army. There is no equity in this, and it is a foul blot on the pages of our country's history.—J. B. B., Co. A, 129th O., and Co. E, 174th O.

A Most Excellent Suggestion.

MORNING SUN, O.—I have thought a good deal about these matters, and have concluded to urge all comrades to drop arrearage bounty and all such measures and unite on a service pension. If $8 looks too big, give us $4 a month for five years, and then $5.

I have only been a subscriber to THE BLADE a few weeks, and like it very much, and if it keeps its promise to work for us old soldiers, I will certainly like it much better. I am going to remind the boys that if we will increase the circulation of THE BLADE 50,000 or more on the strength of its promise, it may do us a good deal of good.—C. R. F., Co. D, 47th Ohio.

Three Things Demanded.

ARNER, TENN.—First, I am in favor of a service pension for all honorably discharged soldiers of the civil war, as paupers or medicants, but because the soldiers of all other wars in which the United States has been engaged, whether justly or otherwise, since we were a nation, have been pensioned. Second, I am in favor of a rated or per diem pension, because equal justice to all would not entitle the soldier who was in 90 days to the same amount as those who served eight hundred or more days and bore the brunt of the hardships and dangers of the whole war. Justice to the soldiers as well as the bondholders' demands that our government, which pledged us our pay in gold or its equivalent, should redeem that promise, and pay us the difference between the value the greenbacks which we got and the gold promised.—C. A. E., Co. A, 2d Minn.

The Per Diem Bill.

MEDICINE LODGE, KAN.—Being an old veteran, I naturally take a deep interest in the subject of pensions; especially would I like to see the service or per diem bill become a law, because it would reach many thousands of soldiers who serve as much from the government as the men who kept the hospital rations from spoiling. I admire the stand THE BLADE has taken on the pension question, it is always on the right side of every question. Long live THE BLADE!—I. M. W., Co. I, 83d Ind.

Service Pension and Arrearages.

NELSONVILLE, O.—I favor the Service Pension bill to reach those who served long and faithful and escaped with their lives, and to have it extended to the widows and orphans, the same as is done by the survivors of our other wars. Would be just as reasonable arrearages to those soldiers who have not received them, the same as those who applied early. Equalize the bounty, and pension those soldiers disabled, from whatever cause.—H. H., Co. A, 9th O.

Not Sorry He Went.

ROYAL OAK, MICH.—I am glad you are to discuss the matter as to what is justly due the soldiers of the late war. I was there, and every day I suffer on that account, and yet I can't say I am sorry I went at my country's call. If we had not gone and stayed, how would it have been with us to-day?—J. B. G.

Equal Treatment to All.

LOUISIANA, MO.—Please give us equal justice. If one man contracted disease in the army, and draws from date of discharge, all the others are entitled to, even at this late day. Please say a word also on the equalization of bounties; the 3-year men of 1861-62 deserve as much as those of 1864-65.—A. D. B., Co. K, 10th Ill.

Short and to the Point.

PAYSON, ILL.—I believe that all soldiers who were honorably discharged veterans should have a pension.—D. O. D., 18th Ky.

Regrets It Now.

BEATRICE, NEB.—I am a poor man with a pension of $6 a month. For three years and six months I went through thick and thin. I wish I had it to do over again; I would stay at home and make money.—G. C.

Less Red Tape.

HUGGINS, MO.—The law needs revising so that a claimant can get a pension without so much proof. Now, it is almost impossible to obtain the proofs required.—J. C. M., Co. I, 2d Ark. Cav.

RIPLEY P. O., W. VA.—The fact that a man was accepted on enlistment should prove his soundness when he entered the army; and there is too much required to prove a man's disability.—G. J. M., Co. K, 4th Ohio Cav.

A Soldier's Wife.

WESTVILLE, ——.—I am a soldier's wife and can say that we have waited for Congress to do something for its soldiers these twenty years, and are still waiting. All talk and no pay.—MRS. A. M.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XLIV.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS.

There's a Yellow Rose in Texas,
That I'm a-going to see;
No other darsey knows her,
No darkey only me;
She cried so hard the day I left,
It nearly broke my heart,
And if I ever find her
We nevermore will part.

CHORUS:—She's the sweetest rose of color
This darkey ever knew;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
They sparkle like the dew;
You may talk about your "Dearest May,"
And sing of "Rosalie";
But the Yellow Rose of Texas
Beats the belles of Tennessee!

Where the Rio Grande is flowing,
And the starry skies are bright,
She walks along the river
In the quiet of the night.
She thinks if I remember
How we parted long ago,
I promised to come back to her
And not to leave her so.

And now I'm going to find her,
For my heart is full of woe,
We'll sing the songs together,
We sang so long ago;
And play the banjo gaily
And sing the songs of yore;
And the Yellow Rose of Texas
Will be mine forevermore.

THE OLD CAMP KETTLE THAT HUNG ON THE POLE.

[Words and Music by C. I. Adkins.]

O! The old camp kettle, its joy was to boil,
For the comrades in camp or at military toil;
It has cheer'd up the heart of many a brave soul,
Did that old camp kettle that hung on the pole.

And the dark grim frowns of that old black pot,
Were smiles for the soldiers, never to be forgot,
As it steamed o'er the fire, with rations filled well,
It spake joy to the heart that tongue ne'er can tell.

CHORUS:—The old camp kettle, that old iron bowl,
The kettle that hung on the pole,
It has cheered up the heart of many a weary soul,
Did that old camp kettle that hung on the pole.

When the tents were all struck and the com panies in line,
It swung beneath the wagon, with others of its kind;
They climbed many strains, though music not so sweet,
But they played loud and strong, like a band upon the street.

And when the day was over, and the march was ended,
We longed for the rattle of that old black friend;
It had rattled and banged, and sounded every roll,
Till the trainmen were glad when it hung on the pole.

Many years have gone by, and we are growing old,
Since that old camp kettle was hung on the pole;
But the old camp grounds are still fresh and green,
In the mem'ry of those who were then on the scene,

And the old camp kettle that hung o'er the fire,
Has served well its mission, and may well retire,
But 'twill long be remembered when we answer'd to the roll
Round the old camp kettle that hung on the pole.

A Frenchman from Cork.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

D'Oyly Carte was christened Richard Doyle McCarthy and was born on the Emerald Isle, but it is not known exactly who gave the snap away.

FORTUNE'S TEMPLE.

A Visit to the Offices of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, Where Millions are Paid Out.

The "Examiner" Correspondent Explains the Company's Remarkable System of Bookkeeping—The December Drawing—What Banker Baldwin Says.

The Mardi Gras carnival and the great semi-annual drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery have become the two distinctive features of creole life in the Queen City of the South. Attempts have been made at different times, in other cities, confessedly in imitation, to reproduce these civic entertainments, but they have not as a rule been successful. Time and experience have amply demonstrated the peculiar pre-eminence of New Orleans for the administration of these occasions of public joy.

The December drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery company took place on Tuesday, the 17th of the month. As New York correspondent of the *Examiner*, I was present and was an eye witness to all that transpired during the distribution of the prizes. I had previously been very courteously received at the offices of the company by the president, Mr. M. A. Dauphin, a gentleman of great force of character, energy and business tact. I was permitted to inspect with the fullest freedom the books of the company, and to become familiar with the interior working of the vast clerical machinery which directs its affairs.

Were any additional evidence needed other than the high character of Generals G. T. Beauregard and Jubal A. Early—these gentlemen not only personally superintending the drawings, but they also stake their honor as a guarantee of the fairness and honesty of the proceedings—this would be found in the careful, accurate, and, indeed, well nigh perfect system of administration which has grown out of the peculiar exigencies of the business.

No such system could exist without purpose. It speaks more eloquently than words for the good faith of those in charge. It is not only the record of an honorable past, but it is the best guarantee for the future.

Taking the mere bulk of the business done by the company I confess I was surprised at it. At the December semi-annual drawing—the Christmas drawing, it is called here—the list of prizes footed up the enormous sum of $2,159,600, with $600,000 as the capital prize.

I have ascertained by a careful inspection of the books that during the five years last past *Twenty-five Millions of Dollars*, in exact figures $24,980,000, have been paid out to the fortunate owners of winning tickets. Vast as this sum may appear, it is evidently only an earnest of what is to come, for during the year 1885 the total payments as the business slowly amounted to but $2,493,000. From this time on the annual amounts paid to subscribers gradually increases year by year, until in 1889 it reaches the enormous sum of $8,500,000. The business of the Lottery is thus very evidently seen to be, as I have said, a gradual growth, the outcome of fair business principles and the fruit of wide popular approval. Without this approval no such showing could ever have been made.

The home of the Louisiana State Lottery is situated in this city on the corner of St. Charles and Union streets, New Orleans. It consists of two handsome buildings joined together by a connecting wing thus forming an interior court open to the streets. The general character of the architecture is severe and singularly attractive from its very simplicity. As I entered the building I noticed the same characteristics within as without, everywhere an absence of pretention and display, and a corresponding evidence of earnestness and work. I was assured by Mr. Conrad, under whose thorough superintendence the clerical work is carried on, that the employes of the company are chosen with great care from the best families of the South. Heavy bonds are required of them, their personal character being a sufficient pledge of the fidelity of their service. I had not proceeded far in my tour of inspection before I realized that the trip through the different departments was destined to be a liberal education. The system in force is so perfect as to give the Company absolute knowledge of the smallest details of its own affairs, and therefore to place it in a position to protect itself often materially and its customers. The force actually employed during the busy season amounts to over one hundred and fifty trained clerks, and even this force would be inadequate were it not for the methods inaugurated by the Managers and carried out with rare devotion to duty by the different heads of departments.

I became impressed with the fact that this concern was virtually a postoffice, an express company and a bank. Indeed, I know of no bank which will do for its customers what this corporation will do, i. e., open an account for any subscriber who will deposit at least one dollar, invest for him any portion of the remittance he may send, and retain the residue as a credit on their books, keeping him supplied with any information he may require, and protect him in case he has lost or has been illegally deprived of his ticket.

All this the company does at its own expense. How it is done is a marvel. A letter, let us say, arrives in New Orleans, bearing the postmark, "Marysville, California," and addressed "M. A. Dauphin." Before that letter is, so to speak, at rest it will undergo some very curious experiences. It will receive every attention at the hands of the argus-eyed clerks. In the case of a letter with money, the mailing clerk not only records the number and description, the mail in which it came, the hour when received, but even the name of the railroad or other conveyance by which it arrived; in short, every external feature of this missive to fortune's temple is made a matter of record. It now passes to another department, where its inner contents are carefully analyzed. If the letter contains money—one, two, three, four or more dollars—it is thus accordingly classified. If a $1 letter it goes into a $1 box. If a $2 epistle, then into a $2 box, and so on. The mail thus "stripped" proceeds one step further, and inclosures, letters and envelopes and all are forwarded with the exact account of the total number of letters—and dollars—to what is known as the Filling Department. Here orders for tickets are filled, and the account stated by the preceding department verified. The envelopes thus prepared then go to the corresponding clerks, who record the tickets on a register kept for that purpose, and forward each with an appropriate answer to the individual.

So much for the letters which do contain money (and not too much or too little) and *are* signed and do not want *merely* information and do not make complaint. In any case the correspondent is assured of entire justice and every attention. If the letter is unsigned or without proper address, it goes with whatever it contains to what is known as the "Tracing Department," whose clerks often wait many years for a clue to identify of the sender. His money is not lost, however. It is safe in the company's keeping until the owner shall turn up. The Tracing Department is virtually a dead-letter office and it is a detective department as well. In its custody are the loose sheets of the entry clerks of the Forwarding Department, called the Register, afterward bound in book form. These sheets contain a complete history of the receipts and disposition of every letter with money which has entered the Company's office. It is in the Tracing Department, therefore, that the record of every winning number is almost immediately perfected.

I noticed during the Drawing that when General Beauregard called out any prize of Ten Thousand Dollars and over, that a messenger was at once dispatched to the office. I was informed subsequently that before the list of Number had been duly sent to the Tracing Department had filed its report, showing just where the ticket drawing the Prizes had been sold, and with the name and address of the holder. The forger and the thief stand no show against such a system, fortified as it is by other special safeguards, and they know it. It would be well for the innocent holders of tickets to know and appreciate it also, for it can easily be seen that in case a letter is lost or stolen the party in whose favor it is issued, and the Louisiana State Lottery Company. The system of the Lottery Company is too perfect to admit the possibility of a mistake.

The very nature of the Company's correspondence has forced it into a banking business. "A" wins a small prize, say of $40; not infrequently he will instruct the company to invest a certain amount of this sum in tickets and to hold the remainder or subject to his order. In this way he actually asks the company to open an account. This the company cheerfully does, carrying for years thousands of names upon its books which have but a few dollars to their credit. The lottery people are put to all sorts of trouble, but nothing daunts them. They exercise sublime patience under what is sometimes extreme provocation.

There is something very striking in the following "instructions which I take from the elaborate manual printed by the company, which every clerk must study upon entering its service: "Under no circumstances must a letter be couched in any other than the most respectful terms, no matter what terms the writer may have used in stating his case or under what provocation the answer is made. Any disrespectful remarks on the part of the complainant can only affect or discredit himself, but does not cancel any claims he may still have on the company for equitable treatment or absolve it from any responsibility it may justly have to bear."

Those of the *Examiner's* readers who may have received from my imperfect account some little suggestion of the pains taken by the company to meet the exacting requirements of its correspondence, must appreciate the pathetic dignity of these words.

Mr. A. Baldwin, president of the New Orleans National Bank, said to me in this connection: "They certainly do exercise marvelous care. I do not believe you will find anything like such system anywhere else; certainly not in the Postoffice at Washington, nor in the Treasury department."

"I understand, Mr. Baldwin," said your correspondent, "that the Postoffice authorities place obstacles in the way of the delivery of the mails."

"That is all over now," replied Mr. Baldwin emphatically, "and there ought never to have been the slightest question raised. The Louisiana State Lottery was made part of the Consolidation by an overwhelming popular vote, its charter has been repeatedly recognized by the Circuit Court and by the United States Supreme Court. Therefore the Postoffice Department has no option but to carry its mail, as in the case of any other company legally incorporated. There is, of course, certain prejudice afloat against the mere scheme of the lottery, but the general government of this country, and no less a patriot than General Grant, Washington has always supported such enterprise. Why, the Paris exposition was nothing more than a lottery scheme, and no one has ever heard the slightest question as to the propriety of the methods therein employed by the French nation.

"I understand that the four National Banks of New Orleans guarantee the payment of winning tickets?"

"Of course they do, and why not? Such is the credit of this company, and so great are its resources that a winning ticket is as good as a certified check. It is practically a bank note. However, it is literally true the four National Banks of this city have guaranteed in writing the payment of the prizes."

I have said but little about the actual drawing, because I imagine Pacific Coast readers are already familiar with its details. But it was an impressive scene. The Academy of Music was packed to the doors with an audience and gentlemen who came to hear the decrees of the fickle goddess of fortune from the lips of those distinguished generals, Beauregard and Early, whose names form part of the history of the country. The numbers are drawn from two wheels by orphan boys of one of the orphan asylums, who have been carefully blindfolded. I found myself like the rest of the audience, readily getting accustomed to large sums. But even the calm voice of General Beauregard grew eloquent when he announced that number 98,455 had drawn the first capital prize of $600,000, and the excitement that ensued cannot be described. It was rather a big plum surely. But as things are now going, I have not the slightest doubt that the time will soon come when the winner of a capital prize in the Louisiana State Lottery may become, as if by magic, a millionaire and all by one turn of the wheel.—*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Examiner*, January 16, 1890.

VALUABLE ARTICLES.

The useful articles we are offering as premiums to club-raisers are extremely popular, especially the Blade tea set and the Blade cook stove. Here are a few letters from those who have received them:

NORTHBORO, IOWA, Jan. 26.—EDITOR BLADE: Received the tea set Jan. 24, no pieces missing and only one cracked. They are all you recommended them to be. I am very much pleased with them, and consider myself well paid for my trouble. Freight $1. With best wishes for the success of your paper, I am, very respectfully,
MRS. NETTIE WHEELER.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., Feb. 1.—EDITOR BLADE: I am perfectly delighted with the tea set, received to-day. Not a piece broken, and only one cracked. Only 10 cents paid for postage and 75 cents paid for securing a club for your valuable paper. With best wishes for the future success of THE BLADE, I am, respectfully, ADDIE KEMP.

GREEN SPRING, O., Feb. 1.—EDITOR BLADE: —I received THE BLADE tea set on January 31. It came well packed, none being broken. Decorations much better than described in the paper. Freight only 51 cents. I was well paid for my time and trouble in getting up the club. Respectfully, CELIA A. ENGLER.

CAMDEN, O., Feb. 1.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the tea set on the 30th, and am very well pleased with them. The freight was only 57 cents. Yours truly, KATE WYSONG.

SANDUSKY, O., Feb. 2.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set received in good order, without a piece being broken. I am pleased with them, and with THE BLADE. Yours truly,
WM. HOOPER.

LAKETON, IND., Feb. 3.—EDITOR BLADE:—The Blade tea set came to hand on Jan. 25 all right, nothing broken. We think they are all they are represented to be in THE BLADE, and are well pleased with them. Success to THE BLADE! Yours respectfully,
J. E. MOHLER.

INDEPENDENCE, KANS., Feb. 3.—EDITOR BLADE:—We received the Blade tea set December 24—everything as represented, and not a piece broken. We are well pleased with them. Freight, $1.51. Yours respectfully,
MRS. H. COOK.

HAMILTON, MO., Feb. 4.—EDITOR BLADE:—Your tea set arrived all right, not a piece broken. Am well pleased with it. Accept thanks.
MRS. J. L. ELLON.

KNOXVILLE, ILL., Feb. 4.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set arrived on the 30th in good order, not a piece broken. I am very much pleased with the style and finish. I can say the set is all your description claims for it. With many thanks, Yours truly, HATTIE J. GRIMES.

WINFIELD, IOWA, Feb. 5.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the tea set all right, not a piece broken. We think they are very nice. Yours truly, R. H. LINN.

TEMPLETON, PA., Feb. 5.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set came to hand in due time. I was well pleased with them. They are all that they were recommended to be, and came safe and sound. Yours,
MISS JANE SKINNER.

PENDER, NEB., Feb. 5.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set received in good shape, I am well pleased with them. Freight only $1.10. Yours as ever, MARY E. FENNELL.

WATERBURY, CONN., Feb. 5.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the tea set to-day, and am very much pleased with it. It was very nicely packed; not a piece was cracked or broken. I feel very proud of it. Very respectfully,
GERTRUDE E. JENKS.

NORCMIS, ILL., Feb. 6.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the Blade tea set yesterday, not a piece broken or cracked. Am much pleased with them. They are perfect beauties. The freight was only 75 cents.
MRS. DORA HAND.

SWAN, IND., Feb. 7.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the Blade tea set on the 5th, and am very much pleased with them. Every one who sees them says they are beauties. There was not one piece broken. Freight, 65 cents.
MATTHEW CLARK.

And here is what a club-raiser says of the Blade cook stove:

ANCURE, MO., Feb. 2.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the premium stove you sent me, and was much pleased with it. It is better than I expected; and is a splendid baker. No one need be afraid to get up a club for it, for it will pay them well for their trouble. Yours truly,
W. H. DANIELS.

A String Band.

"That's a great orchestra," said one traveling man to another, at the concert.

"Yes; but the greatest band I ever ran across was in the west."

"What kind of a band was it?"

"Well, I suppose you'd call it a string band. It was composed mainly of members of the vigilance committee."—[Merchant Traveller.

In the States They Toss Dollars.

Chicago Sun.

In some parts of Canada the natives have a novel method of deciding who shall be municipal rulers. A recent dispatch from Ottawa states that the question as to which of two aspirants should be elected was settled by the old expedient of tossing a penny.

YOU CAN *Pay OFF YOUR -- Mortgage* THIS WINTER by working evenings for the CURTIS PUBLISHING CO. of PHILADELPHIA.

DEMOREST'S Monthly Fashion Journal. New York City Subscription price only 25 cents per year.

PHOTO of your future Husband or Wife FREE. Send stamp for postage. Climax Co., Chicago.

$50 UPWARD Stock Speculation Conducted on a System with Unquestioned Capital. S. J. PEAK & CO., 30 New St., New York.

Ladies' Princess Shields, pat., 50c. 3 for $1. Silent Assistant, 50c. Gem Imp. Co., Chicago, Ill.

LADY AGENTS—Send me your name and address. I have something new that will interest and please you. Write for particulars and Sample Free. Miss Marian Fay, South Bend, Ind.

$525 A Month Agents' profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New postcards just out. A 25c Sample sent free to all. Cardcaster & Son, 23 Bond St., N. Y.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness. Send for 64 page handsome book of 100 engravings, mailed for only 10c. UNION PUB. CO., Newark, N. J.

Cards Free Send your name and address on a postal card for all the new samples of Silk Fringe, Ribbon Border, Gold Edge, Silk Reversible Cards, new premium, Dominoes & Tricks, etc. A. H. Fuller & Co., Brockton, Mass.

Publishers' Column.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

The Blade tea set, of which an advertisement will be found elsewhere, is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is of the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere. There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The Toilet Set.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. This set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking water, mug and vase. They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.

The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each*. When framed they are fine enough or anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from

The Household.

MISS EMILY B. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

AN INQUIRING WOMAN,

Who was Made to Feel Injustice When It Touched Her Own Life.

CORRESPONDENT of THE BLADE, an intelligent woman in a neighboring state who has just been brought, by a combination of circumstances, face to face with the laws regarding children and property rights, writes to me most indignantly regarding their injustice in certain directions. "My rights, my desires, are no more observed than as if I were a block of wood," she says; "I have never paid any attention to the matter before, but now I begin to see *why* women should vote, and why those who have informed themselves upon these subjects feel so intensely the necessity of the ballot for our sex. Do write about the unjust laws in this state and let some light into the brains of other women who are in the same state of ignorance that I have been."

I could not but think as I read the letter over, how often we have to be bruised ourselves before we are roused to think of the bruises of others less fortunate. Life had gone for her in certain grooves which had brought such a degree of contentment and satisfaction, that the efforts of those workers who were trying to bring about changes in social and political conditions through woman's influence at the polls, were like the beating of far-off drums, the sound of which reached her ears without attracting her attention or arousing her interest sufficiently to cause her to investigate its meaning. She is a type of a large class of women whose indifference in the matter is made a strong weapon with which to fight a change in the laws with respect to the ballot.

THEY DO NOT CARE.

"Woman suffrage? Do you believe in that?" said a bright-eyed woman who was throwing all of her energies into a work which she believed would result in the spiritual elevation of humanity. "To tell the truth I have never thought much about it. I have all the rights that I want, and am content to let the men legislate for me."

She had a lovely home; a tenderly loving husband whose study was and is to make her happy; bright, beautiful children, and enough of this world's goods to surround her with all of the comforts and many of the elegancies of life. It was easy for her to sit back and leave legislation, that did not touch her harshly, to men; to let them decide what would be best for her under all possible circumstances.

She was a type of a similar class of women who stand as stumbling blocks in the way of those earnest souls who are laboring with all of their might to make women the equal of men in the eye of the law everywhere.

Then there is a third class, made up in the main of good, intelligent women, who are so thoroughly imbued with the old orthodox idea preached by Paul of woman's subserviency to man, that anything which seems to war with that arouses in them a sentiment of repulsion and opposition. Some of them, like Marion Harland and Rose Terry Cooke, are prominently before the world, instructing it in various ways, yet maintaining in speech and writing the theory that women should not venture outside of the home, while violating it in practice every day of their lives.

And finally there are those women, mostly young and gay, fond of the admiration of the other sex who fear to be called strong-minded, and therefore scorn the very thought of the ballot in their feminine hands.

Yet, although there are all of these classes who seem either indifferent, or do not want to vote, I believe that the great body of women are coming to feel a growing interest in the question, and that, as one writer expresses it, while "the advance guard has its trumpeters, the great army behind is only awaiting orders."

Why should not women want to vote?

PAYING TAXES.

A few weeks ago I went to the Courthouse to pay my taxes, for though I have not sufficient intelligence to know how to cast a ballot, yet when, by exercising my brains I have earned a little property, I am obliged to walk up without having had any representation in this, the law of compulsion, or in any other, and pay for the liberty of its possession.

The treasurer's office was filled with people, coming and going, all intent upon the same business which had taken me there. At least one-half were women, and I could not help thinking, while looking at them, what an absurdity was that idea that has been set forth hundreds of times in such elegant terms, as the foundation principle of our government, "that taxation without representation is tyranny." Here were scores of citizens who were giving the lie to it every year. If the words "of men" had been inserted after taxation it would read in consonance with the reality. These women, one after another, walked up and laid down the money which they could have no voice in spending, but I hope every one of them had the fact recorded that they did so "under protest," just as I did and mean to do every year until I am allowed the privilege of a voice in legislation, if I want to exercise it.

WHAT SHE CAN DO.

I cannot now write about the laws in any special state. Let my correspondent inform herself thoroughly upon the subject, then make it her business to render other women as intelligent as she in that direction. Let her help them to understand how unequal are woman's chances with men in the administration of justice. If it were otherwise, there would be small need of the womans' protective agencies for the "purpose of helping the weak to fight the battle against the strong." Let her rouse them up to a consciousness of the difference between the punishment of the two sexes for immorality. Show them what disgraceful laws stand upon the statute books, and make them see that they will stand there until they, by their ballots, can wipe them away.

Let her show them that their wishes, their needs, their opinions have no force in law, and that they have no way of making one iota of change in this respect; that while they are amenable to the law, while they must suffer to the fullest extent for its violation, they have no fraction of crystalized influence in its making. Let her make evident to them the absurdity of the cry that women are incapable of self-government, when the ignorant foreigner and the negro are allowed its exercise. Assure them that the possession and use of the ballot can no more interfere with their home-making than it does with the business of their fathers, brothers and husbands.

She can do all this without bitterness towards the other sex, whose opposition to this change arises from the fixed customs and traditions of the centuries. She will be doing good work that will bear its fruits hereafter. EMILY S. BOUTON.

RUSHED RHYME PARTIES.

Speaking of prizes, what would a modern card party be without the first prize, booby prize, and all sorts of between prizes? It is almost impossible to hear of an entertainment of any sort where prizes are not a prominent feature. Dinner parties, tea parties, balls, receptions, and the ever present afternoon card parties all come gaily to the front with prizes, or favors, as they are often called. There was a time, so it is said, when people went to a party at 7 o'clock and came home at 10. The prize system was unheard of, and the refreshments were the feature of the evening. But the "world do move," and the present way of entertaining makes things lively for the butcher and baker and candlestick maker.

Of late the old-fashioned game of "Machine poetry" has come into favor under the new name of "Rushed Rhymes." Those who are tired of whist parties and progressive euchre, can turn their attention to rushed rhyming, and entertain their friends with a "feast of reason and flow of soul."

Any one entertaining in this way must have prepared pencils and papers enclosed in envelopes, together with subjects for the rhymes. One of these is given to each guest, and at a given signal all set to work and write a verse of poetry within five minutes, at the end of which time each one must read his own production aloud. For instance, one who was given for a subject "A Landing," ground out the following:

She stood upon the upper deck,
The land it love in sight;
And she who had so sea-sick been,
Cries, "Now I am alight!"

Genius can burn to any extent in this new form of entertaining, and prizes can be awarded with as much success as in the most scientific game of progressive euchre ever played.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

HEAD REST.—A beautiful head rest or neck cushion is modeled from one on exhibition at the Industrial museum in Berlin. The material is ribbed *satin de genes*, and the pattern slightly conventionalized chrysanthemum buds and flowers worked with floselle in satin stitch, the accompanying leaves and stems being done in stalk stitch. Shades of any preferred color may be chosen for the flowers, which should be worked to resemble nature as closely as possible. The ends of the rest should be made of plush, gathered up and tied with Lansdowne ribbon, which should also be used to hang the cushion to the chair.

HAT RACK.—Where hall room is limited, or by reason of lack of means for the purchase thereof, a "truly" hat rack is unattainable, the following substitute will be found to be a great convenience. Cut from wood a large shield-shaped form, and cover with mahogany plush as a foundation. After fastening the plush securely to the back with tacks, ornament the right side by placing brass-headed nails at equal distances along the edge. Screw in six or eight large ornamental hooks, and your hat racks ready to fasten to the wall. This useful article may be constructed at still less expense by simply staining the wooden shield. An old mirror, in a broad wooden frame, hung crosswise, and with large hooks screwed in across the ends, also makes a good hat rack. Place a small table under it, if you have one whose wood-work is suitable.

PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER.—A new fancy is a bag made of chamois skin, cougar leather, plush or satin, and which is intended to be hung from a book-case, table or chair-back. These bags may be painted or decorated in a variety of ways, and if good taste is used, they are very ornamental. A handsome one was made of chamois leather, lined with brown satin and decorated with an artistic design in shaded browns, relieved by a judicious admixture of gold. A row of gold cord finished the bottom. These bags are also useful for holding stereoscopic views and serve the double purpose of keeping them free from dust, and of preventing their being scattered about the rooms.

FISH-NET EMBROIDERY.—The new fish-net stitch is very popular at present, and is a most effective, although simple way, of decorating tea-cloths, center-pieces, and bed-spreads. The tea-cloths are hemstitched, and in the center is finished with silk, or, a heavier effect is desired, cord, caught down by buttonhole stitch. If one in colors the effect is as if a delicate netting had been thrown over the white linen. For bed spreads, buy the linen Bolton sheeting which wears and laundries much better than the cotton, and each the pattern with rope silk. The sheeting comes one and one-half yards wide, and the best wash silks at fifty cents per dozen.

KINDLY BE PAINTED IN OIL COLORS.—In response to numerous inquiries from both old and new readers of THE BLADE. I give practical directions for painting a stork in tube oil colors on velvet. An extra quality of black velveteen answers admirably for this design. The size of the pattern is 18x21 inches; No. of pattern 2396. Stamp the design in blue powder; then hold the velvet in front of a moderate fire for two or three minutes to set the stamping. Fine French bristle brushes are excellent for painting on velvet. One pointed brush, No. 3, one No. 5, of the bristle, two red sable brushes, one No. 1 and and a No. 8, will be very useful in the work. One bottle of turpentine and also one bottle of pale drying oil will be required; also 1 tube chrome green; 1 tube vermilion; 1 tube ivory black, 1 tube brown madder, 1 tube lemon yellow, 1 tube permanent blue, 1 tube chrome green, 1 tube Kremnitz white. A common pen-holder and bank pen of medium size will also be needed.

The goods should be neatly stretched on your painting board and fastened down with artist's thumb tacks. Paint the head and neck with pure Kremnitz white, mixing just a little drying oil with the paint, and applying it with the No. 3 bristle brush. Work in a very little touch of ivory black as the neck approaches the body. Paint the bill with pure vermilion, using the No. 1 sable brush to do this. When the rest of the bird is dry, the eye is made with the lemon yellow, drawing a circle of vermilion around it. Now mix on your palette a quantity of white, add a little drying oil, mixing well through the paint, and just a touch of ivory black. Take up some of this paint on the point of your pen, shovel fashion, then place point of pen down on the goods and draw pen towards your body. This will give the Kensington or feather stroke. Take up more paint as you need it. On the tip of wing and tail an occasional stroke of pure ivory black must be worked in. The bill has a narrow dividing line of yellow—made with your finest brush when the vermilion paint is dry. The legs and feet are made of vermilion, using a little yellow on the tip of each claw.

Now for the lily buds, grasses, etc., mix up a little white paint and paint them with the brush. When this coat is dry retouch the terny spray with chrome green. Paint the lily petals that rest down on the water also with chrome green. Paint the other lily petals with pure white. The calyx of lily and outside of the bud should also be painted with green. The cattails should first be painted white, and then painted with brown madder. Let the work all dry before attempting to paint the water. For it mix equal parts of white, permanent blue, and just a touch of chrome green. Apply the paint in undulating strokes across the width of the goods, laying it on rather heavy. Allow work several days to dry.

In answer to lady who asked for panel design of hollyhocks, I would suggest pattern No. 2398; size 12x23.

A. E. B. will find pattern No. 304, peach spray, size 14x18, well suited for decorating Japanese tin panel.

L. A. M.—A fine design for wall banner or panel is No. 2 397—large eagle, shield and flag—size 10x24.

K. O. will find the "Rose bud and Daisy" alphabet suited to decorating napkins, hat marks and towels, for either painting or embroidery. No. of alphabet, 1,333.

MARY Y.—Could use Pond Lily pattern, No. 420, for her glass panel; size of pattern, 11x15.

Owing to illness I have not been able to make personal reply to all inquiries received within a few days, so take this method of reply.

Any question pertaining to art matters cheerfully answered, if accompanied by four cents postage to cover cost of reply.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, 508 East Jackson street, Muncie, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, slone chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s n st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SHOULDER CAPE.—This cape is knit in looped knitting and is made in sections, and is very warm. Single zephyr is nice for this style cape, and 12 ounces will be required for large capé. Use bone needles. Cast on 32 stitches. Knit 3 rows plain. 4th row—* put needle in first st—wind wool between the needles and over the 2 fingers of the left hand 4 times—then once more between the needles—and draw the sts through—k each st in this row the same way—now k 5 rows plain—repeat from * till there are eight rows of looped knitting; 14th row—like 4th row; 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th rows—plain; 20th row—like 4th row—only narrow at beginning and end of row; 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th rows—plain; 26th row—like 20th row; 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st rows—plain; 32nd and 38th rows—like 20th row; 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th rows—plain; 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd rows—plain; now k the looped knitting for 5 rows—then 5 rows of plain knitting—then cast off—k 7 pieces like this section—sew neatly together with the wool. For the collar k a strip of loops with the 5 plain rows between, and sew to the cape. Line the collar with ribbon, leaving long ends to tie in looped bows. For a smaller cape cast on 28 stitches with 3 plain rows instead of 5. The looped stitches are knitted as one stitch.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco Co., Ore.

PALM LEAF LACE.—Ch 44 stitches—turn; 1st row—1 d c in 8 st of ch—* ch 2—1 d c in 3d st—repeat from * until you have 13 open spaces—ch 5—turn; 2nd row—4 open spaces formed as in previous row—4 d c—1 open space—4 d c—6 open spaces—ch 5—turn; 3rd row—6 open spaces—13 d c—(4 on 4 d c in last row 2 in space and 4 on d c and 2 in space and 1 on d c)—3 spaces—ch 7—catch back by s c to end of 1st row—this forms loop for scallop; 4th row—10 d c in loop—ch 7—2 spaces—22 d c—4 open spaces—ch 5—turn; 5th row—3 spaces—25 d c—2 spaces—(1 ch—1 d c in next d c)—repeat to end of 10 d c on scallop—turn; 6th row—ch 3—2 d c under each ch in scallop—2 spaces—1 d c on each next 25 d c—3 open spaces—ch 5—turn; 7th row—2 open spaces—7 d c—2 spaces—4 d c—1 space—10 d c—2 spaces—(ch 2—1 d c)—between every 2 d c in scallop—turn; 8th row—ch 3—5 d c under first 2 ch—catch with s c in next 2 ch—repeat until end of scallop—then 3 open spaces—7 d c—5 spaces—4 d c—2 spaces—ch 5—turn; 9th row—3 open spaces—7 d c—8 spaces—now comes the scallop—2 ch—1 d c in middle of first shell—ch 2—1 d c in same place—2 ch—1 d c in hollow between shells—ch 2—1 d c in same place—repeat to end—(do not work in middle of last shell)—turn; 10th row—ch 3—5 d c under first 2 ch—ch 1—fasten with s c in next 2 ch—ch 1—repeat until you have 8 shells on scallop—then 13 open spaces—ch 5—turn; 11th row—13 open spaces—ch 5—turn; 12th row—4 spaces—4 d c—1 space—4 d c—6 spaces—ch 5—turn—this brings you to 3d row, in which loop of next scallop is begun, thus making one palm to each scallop.—MRS. C. C. DAY, Warren, N. H.

We are very glad to have these patterns.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS ABOUT WAGES, ETC.—As to the amount of wages to be paid for the different kinds of work, that, I think, is something about which the Bible tells us nothing definite. It seems to be left to our own judgment and discretion. We are, however, repeatedly warned against oppressing the poor and the humble or taking advantage of them in any way. So we should take heed to ourselves that we deal rightly by all, and particularly those in our employ. The parable of the laborers in the twentieth chapter of Matthew, taken in conjunction with the preceding verses in the last part of the nineteenth chapter, would seem to teach us that willingness and worthiness are to be considered rather than length of time and sharp bargaining. So the man you employ to-day may be worth equally as much per day as the one you employed a year ago, and you have a perfect right to give it to him if you see fit.

Have you never, upon hearing of the death of some father of a family, thought it seemed a little unfair that he should give the younger children, just as much as he left to the older ones, who, in many cases, helped him save and accumulate his property? And yet we are taught by this parable that he is justly entitled to do so. I think that Christ would have us understand that we should not put a money value on our affections, and also that the servant is not head over his master, nor the child over its parents as is too often the case in these days.

So you see that while we should deal justly by our servants, and by our children, there is nothing right in our letting them walk over us. If we do justly we gather in this, I think we will soon have better servants. Let us understand that just so much of their time and services as we pay for belongs to us, beyond that they are independent.

And while we should never barter our affections for money, I know there are many who will stand by me in saying that it is always best to do business in a business way, even among relatives. There is one question that has often occurred to me in relation to parents and their dealings with their children. Let us suppose that there is a large family, and there is in the group one or more particularly bright and gifted; is it right that the parents should spend more money in educating these than they can afford to spend on their less fortunate brothers or sisters? What think you, sisters? The fact that such a question should arise is, I think, sufficient proof that our public school system is not yet complete, and I will venture to say that the time will come when the higher arts will be taught, if not in the schools, in institutes supported by the puolic, and when all kinds of artistic work, as well as the opera and play, purified and refined will be accessible to all.—FLORENCE EUSTIS.

SENSIBLE WORDS OF CAUTION.—I have just read the letter of "Missouri Cad" in the last BLADE. I have been a silent member of the HOUSEHOLD for over three years, and now I feel like expressing my opinion on the tobacco and whisky question. Sister Cad thinks if a girl goes with a young man to reform him she will be rewarded, and I think so, too. I have known several pure, sweet lovely girls who reformed young men, one a cousin of mine, and her experience is the same as about nine out of ten. She formed the acquaintance of a young man whom she thought it would be a grand thing to reform, and she succeeded easily, for he immediately fell in love with her. After he reformed he was so nice that she thought he would be the best husband in the world and so she married him. Then, indeed, she got her reward. When the honeymoon was over he went back to his old haunts. I have known her, a bride of a year, to go to the saloon in the middle of a cold night and lead home her drunken husband.

He would take her to a fair or picnic, promising solemnly not to drink a drop, and half the time she would have to drive home alone, or if she was fortunate enough to find him when it was time to go, it would take two men to get him in the buggy and all her skill to keep him from tumbling out before they reached home. He was the most loving when drunk, and if she did not receive and return his caresses he would fly into a rage, break up the furniture and sometimes even strike her. Yea, verily, she had her reward, and she is only one of many, and her lot is not as hard as a majority of the drunkards' wives, for there are usually little, helpless children to share the father's misery and perhaps abuse of all—to follow in his footsteps. "Missouri Cad" may advise her daughters to undertake to reform young men by going with them and receiving them as friend, or lover, but I will say to my daughters, "If a young man drinks have nothing to do with him," and I would say the same to my brother's daughters, even were the young man my own son, for I should deem him unfit to be the husband of a true womanly woman.—COLORADO CACTUS.

ABOUT THE BIBLE.—I am a firm believer in the Bible, myself, and in its ability to help us in times of trouble and doubt. It is true that the Bible is an open book for all, and that we each can take it and think out its teachings for ourself, but how many of us are there that do this? And how often do we apply them to our daily life?

And let us help each other all we can to find and keep the right road. Don't let yourself be tempted into any of the byways because the road seems a little rough and hard at the beginning; it will grow smoother and smoother and brighter as you advance.

Do you think the teachings of the Bible are not practical? That they will not do for everyday business affairs? Let me tell you that you never made a greater mistake in your life.

The parable tells us that some received one talent, some two, and some five, each according to his ability.

If you and I have only one talent, let us not hide it, whatever it is, but let us endeavor to win others with it.

Are you a good housekeeper? There is no calling more honorable and dignified for a woman, but don't let your housekeeping take up all your time. Try to manage your affairs so that you can have time for recreation and reading, and so on through the whole list of occupations. Master your occupation, don't let it master you. Hire all the help you can afford. Divide your labors and the idea that housekeeping is a menial task will soon be done away with.

Do not be a Martha so wholly given up to your house-keeping that you have no time to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him. It is wonderful how much it will lighten your toil if you love Him as Mary did.—FLORENCE EUSTIS.

INQUIRIES.

I would be very glad if some honest farmer's wife, living in the northern part of Michigan, close to the pine timber, and not far from a railroad town, would send their address to P. O. box 1010, Sparland, Marshall county, Ill.

Do any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD know of a housekeeper, a widow or maiden lady preferred, who would like a home; one that is honest and of good moral character? If so, write to—MRS. MINA CANTON, 1410 Ohio street, Sedalia.

I would like to correspond with some person living in or near Oklahoma City, Indian Territory, in regard to the country.—J. H. S., Holden, Mo., Box 170.

In THE BLADE of September 10, I read answer to "Beggar Student," recommending to her the industrial school of Beloit, Kan., for girls. Will some one tell me if there is such a school as that for boys, and if so, where? I know there are homes provided for criminals who are too young to be sent to the penitentiary, but my boy is not one of them, but I am anxious to place him where there will be a stronger barrier between him and the danger I so much fear, than I am able to build.—ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I have been a teacher, but for the past seven years have been an invalid. The small sum that I had accumulated has been partly spent for my support and for medicine. I have lost what still remained by the failure of a bank. I am in need of clothing. If any lady readers of THE BLADE should have cast-off clothing that they will give to me, it will be gratefully received. If they will publish their address in THE BLADE, I will write to them, sending my address.—A TEACHER.

Would some one who has grapevines to prune send me a bunch of cuttings? Send your address and I will forward stamps for postage and packing.—MRS. ROSA JACKSON, Mayo, Comanche county, Kansas.

I would like very much to correspond with some lady who is acquainted with the Mrs. Jenness Miller system of dress reform.—MRS. JULIA P. ENGLE, Lloydsville, Braxton county, West Virginia.

Will some one tell me what kind of paper is used for manuscripts prepared for publication? Also, how to prepare a book for publication? Please answer promptly.—SYLVIA.

There are doubtless, among your host of readers, those who have books, magazines, etc., stored away "where the moth doth corrupt," and it occurred to me that they might be glad to send them through some charitable avenue that they might thus "cast their bread upon the waters," and gather it some future day.

There are thousands of sailors coming annually into this port, and whater is sent me I will faithfully and judiciously distribute to them, praying that the seed thus sown may return many fold in the ear.—W. S. LUTERBAUGH, Astoria, Oregon.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"E. C."—It would be perfectly correct and much more comfortable for a lady to enter the house and walk in the dressing room while her escort was attending to the horses. She could tell him she would await him there, and they could enter the parlors together.—ED.

"Ignorance:" It is impossible to give any form of words that would answer in all cases, but if you reply naturally, thank him for his welcome, and say that you expect much satisfaction in attending his church, it will probably be all that any minister will expect of you.—ED.

Miss Mattie Guthrie: The Chautauqua course is designed for the benefit of such as have not had the advantages of a common school education. The course can be taken by one person alone, or with a circle. You can obtain further information by addressing J. W. Stone, 43, Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, O.—ED.

"Sarah" can obtain all necessary information concerning "The King's Daughters" by writing to Mrs. G. H. Libby, 47 West 22d street, New York, N. Y.—ED.

M. F. D., 513 Moulton street, Bloomington, Ill., the pamphlet, "Fancy Work and House Decoration" is the third number and a new edition, with entirely new patterns, etc.

"Young Reader," the wedding ring is usually a plain gold ring and is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, counting the thumb as the first finger.

"Ohio May," it would be quite impossible to describe a "graceful walk," on paper, beyond saying that the person must be erect and the motions easy and graceful. If you observe what is objectionable in others, and avoid those things yourself, you will soon acquire "a graceful walk."

In answer to a request for a recipe for a sprain use this: The yolk of an egg and salt enough to make a paste; spread on a cloth and apply to the strained limb. A simple remedy but a sure cure.—A KANSAS FARMER'S WIFE.

If Aunt Olive will send me her address, I will tell her what cured me; it would be giving a free advertisement to put it in THE BLADE.—MRS. H. L. ENLOW, ZALESKI, Ohio.

In reply to Mrs. Hobbs: Call your baby Haywood. Tell Marygold that if she will take the yelow of an egg and mix fine salt with it till it makes a good thick salve, and apply to the parts affected on soft corn and bind on going to bed, she will find quite a relief. Also, I have tried a piece of lemon bound on which is very good.—W. C. MOORE.

I wish to return my thanks to all who so kindly responded to my request for a Tennessee correspondent. I have received valuable information for which I am grateful to you all. I am unable to reply to each personally.—MRS. G. W. HESS, Springville, N. Y.

A sure cure for whooping cough—Pulverized alum, one drachm; simple syrup and water, each two ounces; mix and give a teaspoonfull every two hours. For a child under two years old one-half teaspoonful.—J. H. F.

This was published in THE BLADE twenty years ago and has proved effective.

In the prized BLADE some time ago, some one asked how to destroy cockroaches. I have just accomplished the task after being tormented for three years, by using powdered borax, dusting it freely all over the shelves and cracks, etc., and then I put Peneroyal oil on a small piece of cotton and lay it in the cupboard, and it is a sure cure.—C. O. DUFF.

When you send money, and do not receive an answer in a reasonable time to your letter, you should write to the Business Department about it, not to the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

RECIPES.

COMMUNION BREAD.—Tell "Reader," who wanted recipe for communion bread, to try this one, that has been used for a great many years: 3 qts. of sifted flour; 6 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; 1 cupful of granulated sugar; 1 cupful of butter; 1 qt. of new buttermilk. Rub butter into the flour well and divide into 4 equal parts; roll about ½ in. thick; try to have size of pans, (I use jelly pans), then score about ½ in. first one way. This makes 4 cakes. Please try and report.

GOOD WHITE BREAD.—2 cupfuls of sugar; ¾ cupful of butter; ⅝ cupful sweet milk; 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted in 3 cupfuls of flour; last the whites of 6 eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in three layers and put together with boiled icing with 1 cup of raisins stirred in while warm.—A READER.

QUICK PUFF PUDDING.—Take 1 pt. of flour; stir in 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a small pinch of salt, and sweet milk enough to make a soft batter; take 6 teacups, drop a spoonful of batter into each, then a spoonful of fresh berries, then a spoonful of batter. Steam 20 minutes. Eat with sugar and cream. Any kind of fresh fruit may be used.—MRS. MAY, Box 92, Andover, N. Y.

FRESH MEAT TOAST.—I will add a recipe which will, perhaps, help to take out the "bill of fare" for some tired sister of the Household: Take bits of beefsteak or roast and chop very fine; add water sufficient for gravy; season nicely with butter, salt and pepper; let it come to a boil, and thicken slightly with flour. Lay toasted bread, one piece at a time, on platter and pile the meat gravy over it, as it moistens more evenly than to pour over all at once. We think it a palatable dish and a good way to use up scraps of cold meat and stale bread.—MRS. E. A. S., Keelersville.

MOTHER'S CREAM PIE.—1 pint of sweet cream, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of flour, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavoring to taste. Bake in a rich crust and it is very nice.

REMEDY FOR FRECKLES AND TAN.—Dissolve salt-petre in water, just as much as it will take up, for tan and freckles. Apply once a day with a soft cloth, after washing with hot water.—MAIB.

SPONGE CAKE.—1½ cupfuls of sugar; 2 cupfuls of flour; 2 small teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; 1 teaspoonful of soda; ½ cupful of cold water.—CHARLIE'S WIFE.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CANBY, MINN.	SPARTA, ILL.
Grace C H Gell	Charles A Foster
James M Call	Elmer McMurty
FANELON, NEB.	T H Reid
Francis Jones	AURORA, NEB.
Alfred Jones	Hell Aldeh
Harvey Jones	Willie Travis
Edwin Jones	Pearl Savage
Nellie Jones	Eddie Wentz
WASMITA, IOWA.	Amy Gallup
Albert E Church	Hallings
Lillian M Church	Gracie Lashell
Joseph A Church	Bessie Lashell
Harvey H Church	Frank Stewart
William F Church	Frank Stenson
Porter M Jones	Orsa Cass
Lillian Jones	Howard Williamson
Robie Ritz	Bert Rhineliart
James A Glick	Charlie Coon
William A Glick	Lillie Marks
Girty M Glick	Hattie Goodrich
Chiles Rutter	Harry Whittlesey
Janey Rutter	Henry Stanley
NO PLACE GIVEN.	Bessie Childester
John Oliver	Joe Lakin
Ed Gould	Charley Valentine
Widow Enzer	Hat is Whittlesey
Egypt George	Ralph Elarton
Tub Winus	Henry Rueber
Harry Cox	Gertie Elarton
Peter Grascock	Bertha Shipley
Mollie Shedown	Willie Valentine
Doc Brosse	Frank Bucklin
Benjamin F Meek	Claude Trumkmiller
Clara Parish	Edd Cunningham

Names this week, 64. Total, 28,496.

The above embraces all names received up to Febuary 7.

For the Young Folks.

PUSH TO THE FRONT.

VERBENIA STARWORT.

Push right up to the front, my boy,
There is something up there to do;
There is always a crowd in the rear, my boy,
But there's a place in the front for you.

Who will fill the place of the man, my boy,
That is now winning laurels of fame?
He began in youth to store knowledge, my lad,
And you can do just the same.

The man that is now in the front of the ranks
Will soon lay life's armor down.
And the boy that is then pushing up to the front
Will wear the victorious crown.

So store up your knowledge in earnest, my boy,
There's a vacant place waiting for you;
Make yourself a noble, intelligent man,
And you'll always find something to do.

Lay the foundation solid in the springtime of life,
And work through the bright summer time;
The harvest you reap will repay you for all,
And the winter of life be sublime.

For the Young Folks.

CAMPING IN THE FOREST; A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ZELDA HANER.

COME, boys, don't set there whittling; take each of you a sap yoke and tote sap—tote sap."

"But, father—"

"Not a word, I say, for am I not going to let you and Oscar go—after bitin' is over—for a whole week's huntin'? Of the three, old Tige, there, will be the bravest hunter among you; that are is my 'pinion. Boys must have some sport, though I never was given a day to hunt or fish. But times have changed."

"Duane, did you hear what father said of that tarnel old dog? when he knows Tige was always afraid of his own shadow. Now, Duane, if we only dast go far enough into that forest to see the Indian camps the big boys tell about, and come home and tell our story—"

"They would not believe us," said Duane.

"Yes, they would, for I would bring something away with me and show them Skyler boys and Dick Collins. Yes, and father, too; he is as bad to laugh at us as any of them."

"There, father, we have toted all the sap, and don't you think you can manage the rest, with the hired man's help?"

"Yes, yes, I suppose so. Go 'long with ye to the house and send the hired man out to help clear up."

"Main't we go round and see Wallace Doty 'bout the hunt?" May be he wants to start in the morning."

"Why will Wallace think of starting in the morning when he haint heerd a word about it yet?" said the father. "Do the chores up good and then take a run over to see Wallace, if you want to. Mind you git back before dark, for I can't come after ye with a lantern."

"Just hear him! He thinks we are the greatest cowards. We'll show them all, if that hunt is over. There is mother, lookin' out at us. She wants something—wood, I s'pose," said Oscar. "How is it the women folks always want wood or a pail of water when they see a boy coming to the house? But we will get wood or water for mother, and she knows it."

But, to their great surprise and joy, their mother said:

"Come in and eat your supper, boys. And where is your father?"

"He can't come. He wants to finish up for good."

"Then you must eat, and take some to your father."

"We can't," said Oscar; "we've got to go over to see Wallace Doty on an errand—an awful big errand, too. The hired man must go. We've got all the chores to do."

"Well, so he can," said his mother.

"Now, Duane, you milk Roan while I wait here on the fence, for Roan is a little wild, you know. Then we can both milk old Spot, and how we will get along with the chores!"

"Yes, Oscar; but you had better get the night's wood in—get a plenty of that nice hickory bark, for we want an awful early fire in the morning to start by."

Having made the trip to Wallace Doty's, everything was arranged to start early the next morning. At last they went to bed, but not to sleep. The whole arrangement was talked over and over. Consequently the first they knew in the morning was their mother's call at the stair door at half past eight.

"There," said Oscar, "why did we sleep so late?"

They were up and dressed in time to see father yoking the sleepy old oxen to the wagon in order to haul home the tools, sap pails and everything used for making sugar; for, as father had said, "bilin' was over and done with."

With that comical wink of one eye, father cheered the boys if they had good luck and killed a bear. Very soon, however, they were ready for a start—with guns, ammunition, a plenty of dried beef, fried cakes, cheese, coffee and eggs. Oscar put in a few potatoes to bake in the ashes at their camp fire. Their father cast one eye at the amount of provisions and advised their using one of his sap yokes, which they had brought, as he well knew the boys' healthy appetites, helped fill their sack with goodies, and they were now ready for the start.

Tige was very much excited when the guns were being examined. Wallace was to take his mother's frying pan, pepper and salt, thread and buttons.

They tramped well, stopping once in a while for a little squirrel, until about one o'clock by Duane's watch, they prepared dinner. Having built a good fire, with the pail of steaming coffee and Oscar's potatoes, they had a very good meal.

All at once there came to their ears the sound of a heavy gun from some direction, they could not tell where. It gave them quite a start. They looked in each other's faces for some time. At last Oscar jumped up caught his old and tight-fitting cap from his head and threw it high in the air. Soon after there came to them a strange, hungry looking dog. Oscar called it grey and brindle, and tried to set Tige on him, but he ran so fast that poor old Tige was soon left far in the rear.

The boys' appetites began to fall them at the sound of that gun. They packed their "kit" for a march. They felt sure they were about fourteen miles from home. It was near sunset, and they had made good time since dinner. They began to look about for a good place to camp. The tent cloth was used for carrying provisions. Then there were poles to cut, sharpen and drive in the earth. Wallace thought they had better lie down and cover the tent cloth over them, as they were so tired that night. After arranging everything to their comfort, with the two dogs at their feet, they were soon sleeping soundly. But then there were noises to be heard all around about midnight Wallace and Duane were disturbed by strange sounds. Some times the noise was directly overhead, then it sounded afar off. Duane decided there was a hard shower gathering. There they were on the ground. They must hunt around among the leaves for the old tin lantern, and candle to put in it—candles, candlesticks and snuffers, which the boys and girls who read my story know nothing about. Ask grandma.

Some time was lost in hunting for the not very luminous lantern. It was at last put in order, and they flew about gathering traps and provisions and giving orders to each other. They knew the shower would soon be upon them. The dogs became excited, barked, growled and finally flew at each other for a fight.

Oscar was sleeping on amid all the confusion of excited boys and fighting dogs. But the little starlike glimmer of the old tin lantern flashing in his face did arouse him. When the tent cloth was pulled from over him with no gentle hand, perhaps, he jumped up, calling to Duane "if it was a bear Tige was trying to kill." After quieting the dogs, they raised the good waterproof tent, and packed away all the camping furniture under it.

The shower was no sham, you may believe. It kept up a lively patter over their heads. You see there was all that time taken from sleep and rest because Wallace thought they would do as well to sleep on the ground and not bother to raise the tent, although when they were disturbed by the shower they were careful to move a little to the west to be out of reach of a large tree. For it is not considered a very safe refuge under a tree in time of lightning.

They were astir early the next morning. The storm had entirely cleared away. Happy birds were singing, small birds could be seen on the silvery fall around them. The sun was just up, and shining brightly. The day was warm and very pleasant. Yes, for did not Oscar's father say "sugar bilin' was clean done with?" Breakfast was partaken of by five, all told, including the dogs, who appeared quite willing to start at any moment, or

"Stand and be fed
With meat and bread
As hard as lead,"
The boys said.

My young readers will feel better acquainted if I describe the boys as I saw them getting over the fence behind the woodshed, en route for Wallace Doty's house, on the morning of the great hunt.

Wallace Doty was a stout, good-natured boy of eleven. His hair and eyes were black, and his face was quite dark, not black; his cap, which had long ago lost all of its uprightness, lay very flat on the top of his head, except the peak, a corner of which hung well over his neck and gave him a very decided look as he walked along. His boots were wide but not very long. His Kentucky jeans suit was clean and whole. His round-about looked as if it belonged to the youngest boy of the family. There was a vacant space nearly a quarter of a yard in width from the bottom to the waistband. He looked uncomfortable, but he did not act it.

Next came Oscar Austin, with light hair, gray eyes, two or three freckles which spread all over his face, a little round hat perched on the back of his head; wide, white teeth, a suit of blue overall cloth, with patches in his boots, that looked odd, some way, for they had various little holes and notches cut out near the top for some use, perhaps for the guns. (I have seen boots that looked like that setting behind our kitchen stove at home.) A wide brass ring on the small, fat finger; also a blazing red collar button, fastening together the band of his blue plaid shirt, completed the outfit of this good-natured boy-hunter No. 2, ten years old.

Next came Duane Austin,

Talmage's Sermon.

ON "THE HOUSE ON THE WALL."

The Story of Rahab and Her Family Graphically Told, and Some Interesting Lessons Drawn Therefrom—An Eloquent and Highly Instructive Discourse.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 9.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage resumed preaching in Brooklyn this morning, after his visit to the Holy Land, and the Academy of Music was crowded. Thousands of people were not able to get into the building. The subject of his discourse was "The House on the Wall." Dr. Talmage took for his text Joshua vi, 23: "And the young men that were spies went in and brought out Rahab, and her father, and her mother, and her brethren, and all that she had." He said:

When, only a few weeks ago, I visited Jericho, I said, can it be possible that this dilapidated place is the Jericho that Mark Antony gave as a wedding present to Cleopatra? Where are the groves of palm trees? Where are Herod's palaces which once stood here? Where is the great theater, from the stage of which Salome told the people that Herod was dead? Where is the sycamore tree on the limb of which Zaccheus sat when Jesus passed this place? Where is the wreck of the walls that fell at the blowing of the ram's horns? But the fact that all these have disappeared did not hinder me from seeing in imagination the smash of everything on the fated day, save one house on the wall. That scene, centuries ago, comes back to me as though it were yesterday.

After graphically describing the incidents covered by the text, the speaker said:

My friends, there are foes coming upon us, more deadly and more tremendous, to overthrow our immortal interests. They will trample us down and crush us out forever, unless there be some skillful mode of rescue open. The police of death already begin to clamor for our surrender; but, blessed be God, there is a way out. It is through the window, and by a rope so saturated with the blood of the cross that it is as red as that with which the spies were lowered; and if once our souls shall be delivered, then, the scarlet cord stretched across the window of our escape, we may defy all bombardment, earthly and satanic.

In the first place, carrying out the idea of my text, we must stretch this scarlet cord across the window of our rescue. There comes a time when a man is surrounded. What is that in the front door of his soul? It is the threatenings of the future. What is that in the back door of the soul? It is the sins of the past. He cannot get out of either of those doorways. If he attempts it he will be cut to pieces. What shall he do? Escape through the window of God's mercy. That sunshine has been pouring in for many a day. God's inviting mercy. God's pardoning mercy. God's all conquering mercy. God's everlasting mercy. But you say the window is so high. Ah, there is a rope, the very one with which the cross and its victim were lifted. That rope strong enough to hold Christ, and it is strong enough to hold you. Bear all your weight upon it, all your hopes for this life, all your hopes for the life that is to come. Escape now through the window.

"But," you say, "that cord is too small to save me; that salvation will never do at all for such a sinner as I have been." I suppose that the rope with which Rahab let the two spies to the ground was not thick enough; but they took that or nothing. And, my dear brother, that is your alternative. There it only one scarlet line that can save you. There have been hundreds and thousands who have been borne away in safety by that scarlet line, and it will bear you away in safety. Do you notice what a very narrow escape those spies had? I suppose they came with flustered cheek and with excited heart. They had a very narrow escape. They went in the broad noon of sin; but how did they come out? They came out of the window. They went up by the stairs of stone; they came down on a slender thread. And so, my friends, we go easily and unabashedly into sin, and all the doors are open; but if we get out we often have to be let down over precipices, wriggling and helpless, the strong grip above keeping us from being dashed on the rocks beneath. It is easy to get into sin, young man. It is not so easy to get out of it.

The First Step.

A young man goes to the marble counter of a hotel. He asks for a brandy smash—callender, I suppose, because it smashes the man that takes it. There is no intoxication in it. As the young man receives it he does not seem to be excited. It does not give any giddiness to the eye. He walks down in beautiful apparel, and all his prospects are bright. He is not going to destroy him, but it is the first step on a bad road. Years have passed on, and I see that young man after he has gone the whole length of dissipation. It is midnight, and he is in a hotel—perhaps the very one where he took the first drink. A delirium is on him. He rises from the bed and comes to the window, but it is easily shut. He does not like it, and he pushes back the blinds and puts his foot on the window-sill. Then he gives one spring, and the watchman finds his disfigured body, unrecognizable, on the pavement. Oh, if he had only waited a little—if he had come down on the scarlet ladder that Jesus holds from the wall for him, and for you, and for me; but no, he made one jump, and he was gone. No matter if Christ was not long ago dismissed from his diocese for intoxication, and in a public meeting he gave this account of his sorrow. He said: "I had a beautiful home once; but strong drink shattered it. I had beautiful children; but this fiend of rum took their dimpled hands in his and led them to the grave. I had a wife—to know her was to love her; but she sits in untended loneliness to-night, while I wander over the earth. I had a mother, the pride of her life was I; but the thunderbolt struck her. I now have scarcely a friend in the world. Taste of the bitter cup I have tasted, and then answer me as to whether I have any hatred for the agency of my ruin. Hate it! I hate the whole damning traffic. I would to God to-night that every distillery was in flames, for then in the glowing sky I would write in the smoke of the ruin: 'Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips!'" That minister of the Gospel went out through the broad door of temptation; he came out of the window. And when I see the temptations that are about us in all countries, and when I know the proclivities to sin in every man's heart, I see that if any of us escape it will be a very narrow escape. O, if we have, my friends, got off from our sin, let us tie the scarlet thread by which we have been saved, across the window. Let us do it in praise of him whose blood dyed it that color. Let it be in announcement of the fact that we shall no more be fatally assaulted. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Then let all the forces of this world come up in cavalry charge, and let spirits of darkness come on—an infernal storming party attempting to take our soul—this rope twisted from these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," will hurl them back defeated forever.

Protect Your Household.

Still further, we must take this red cord of the text and stretch it across the window of our households. When the Israelitish army came up against Jericho, they said: "What is that in the window?" "Oh," said some one, "that is a scarlet line." "Oh," said some one else, "that must be the house that was to be spared. Don't touch it." That line was thick enough, and long enough, and conspicuous enough to save Rahab, her father, her mother, her brothers and her sisters—the entire family. Have our households as good protection? You have bolts on the front door and on the back, and fastenings to the window, and perhaps burglar alarms, and perhaps an especial watchman blowing his whistle at midnight before your dwelling; but all that cannot protect your household. Is there on our houses the sign of a Saviour's sacrifice and mercy? Is there a scarlet line in the window? Have your children been consecrated to Christ? Have you been washed in the blood of the atonement? In what room do you have family prayers? Show me where it is you are accustomed to kneel. The sky is black with the coming deluge. Is your family inside or outside of the ark? It is a sad thing for a man to reject Christ; but do be down in the night of sin, across the path to heaven, so that his family come up and trip over him—that is terrific. It is a sad thing for a mother to reject Christ; but to gather her family around her, and then take them by the hand and lead them out into the paths of worldliness, away from God and heaven, alas! alas! There may be geranium and cactus in that family window, and upholstery covering over it, and childish faces looking out of it, but there is no scarlet thread stretched across it. Although that house may seem to be on the best street in all the town or city, it is really on the edge of a marsh, across which sweep most poisonous malarias, and it has a sandy foundation, and its splendor will come down, and great will be the fall of it. A home without God! A prayerless father! An undevout mother! Awful! awful! Is that you? Will you keep on, my brother, on the wrong road, and take your loved ones with you? Time is so short that we cannot waste any of it on apologies, or indirections, or circumlocutions. You owe to your children, O father, O mother, more than food, more than clothing, more than shelter—you owe them the example of a prayerful, consecrated, pronounced, out and out Christian life. You cannot afford to keep it away from them.

Now, as I stand here, you do not see any hands outstretched towards me, and yet there are hands on my brow and hands on both my shoulders. They are hands of parental benediction. It is quite a good many years ago now since we folded those hands as they began the last sleep on the banks of the Raritan, in the village cemetery; but those hands are stretched out towards me to-day, and they are just as warm and they are just as gentle as when I sat on her knee at 5 years of age. And I shall never shake off those hands. I do not want to. They have helped me so much a thousand times already, and I do not expect to have a trouble or a trial between this and my grave where those hands will not help me. It was not a very splendid home, as the world calls it; but we had a family Bible there, well worn by tender perusal; and there was a family altar there, where we knelt morning and night; and there was a holy Sabbath there; and stretched in a straight line or hung in loops or festoons there was a scarlet line in the window. O, the tender, precious blessed memory of a Christian home! Is that the impression you are making upon your children? When you are dead—and it will not be long before you are—when you are dead, will your child say: "If there ever was a good Christian father, mine was one. If there ever was a good Christian mother, mine was one?"

Still further: We want this scarlet line of the text drawn across the window of our prospects. I see Rahab and her father, and her mother, and her brothers, and sisters looking out over Jericho, the city of palm trees, and across the river, and over at the army investing, and then up to the mountains and the sky. Mind you, this house was on the wall, and I suppose the prospect from the window must have been very wide. Besides that, I do not think that the scarlet line at all interfered with the view of the landscape. The assurance it gave of safety must have added to the beauty of the country. To-day, my friends, we sit in the window of earthly prospects, and we look off towards the hills of heaven and the landscape of eternal beauty. God has opened the window for us, and we look out. We now only get a dim outline of the inhabitants. We now only here and there catch a note of the exquisite harmony.

The Scarlet Line at the Window.

But blessed be God for this scarlet line in the window. That tells me that the blood of Christ bought that home for my soul, and I shall go there when my work is done. And as I put my hand on that scarlet line, everything in the future brightens. My eyesight gets better, and the robes of the victors are more lustrous, and our loved ones who went away some time ago—they do not stand anymore with their backs to us, but their faces are this way and their voices drop through this Sabbath air, saying with all tenderness and sweetness, "Come! Come! Come!" And the child that you think of only as buried—why, there she is, and it is May day in heaven; and they gather the amaranth, and they pluck the lilies, and they twist them into a garland for her brow, and she is one of the May queens of heaven. O, do you think they could see our waving to-day? It is quite a pleasant day, pretty clear, and not many clouds in the sky. I wonder if they can see us from that good land? I think they can. If from this window of earthly prospects we can almost see them, then from their towers of light I think they can fully see us. And so I wave them the glory, and I wave them the joy, and I say: "Have you got through with all your troubles?" and their voices answer: "God hath wiped away all tears from our eyes." I say: "It is as grand up there as you thought it would be?" and the voices answer: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." I say: "Do you have any more struggle for bread?" and they answer: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more." And I say: "Have you been out to the cemetery of the golden city?" and they answer: "There is no death here." And I look out through the heavens, and I say: "Where do you get your light from nights, and what do you burn in the temple?" and they answer: "There is no night here and we have no need of candle or of star." And I say: "What took do you sing out of?" and they answer: "The Hallelujah Chorus." And I say: "In the splendor and magnificence of the city, did you ever get lost?" and they answer: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leadeth us to living fountains of water." O how near they seem. Their wings—do you notice them? Their harps—do you not hear them? And all that through the window of our earthly prospects, across which stretcheth the scarlet line. Be that my choice color forever. Is it too glaring for you? Does it look like blue because it reminds you of the sky, or the green because it makes you think of the foliage, or the black because it has in it the shadows of the night? I take the scarlet because it shall make me think of the price that was paid for my soul. O, the blood! the blood! the blood of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. I see where you are. You are at the cross roads. The next step decides everything. Pause before you take it; but do not pause too long. I hear the blast of the trumpet that wakes the dead. Look out! Look out! For in that day, and in our closing moment on earth, better than any other defense or barricade, however high or broad or stupendous, will be one little, thin scarlet thread in the window.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Heats Every Three to Six Weeks.

J. A. N., (no state:) A cow that is too fat, or one that is too poor, at times, will come in heat, but will not conceive. Fatty and sweet food, such as oil cake, sugar cane, sorghum, etc., will prevent the proper change of the ovaries. In the first stages of consumption, cows generally heat violently and repeatedly, but do not conceive. If your cow is fat, give none of the food named above, not corn. Feed cut meal, barley meal, peas, sweet hay and roots. Give her a dose of salts, say ½ lb., in a quart of warm water. Repeat this in two weeks. A cow that has lost a calf will usually become a "puller," and it is hard to breed her successfully. A fat bull, or one that is diseased, loses its procreative powers, and a cow will not "take" with him. Keep her away from the bull for several weeks, and after this there may be satisfactory results. After giving the salts, put a drachm each of sulphate of iron, gentian and ginger in dry food for her once a day for a week. Feed no hay, corn-fodder or straw that has any sign of mould in it. She should have exercise every day.

Cough in Horse.

Your horse, that caught cold and has had a cough for more than a year, accompanied by a white discharge from the nose, is no doubt suffering from catarrh and an affection of the bronchial tubes. Give this: Sulphate of copper, digitalis, (fox glove), pulverized squills, nitre and camphor, of each one ounce. Make into ten powders and give one every night in a mash. Rub the throat and the wound with mustard water, and wrap the neck with flannel for about two weeks. Feed no corn, but plenty of potatoes, parsnips, turnips, sweet hay, oats, etc. Dampen all hay and oats a little.

Cow Licks Milk from Back Teat.

E. W. B., Rushville, Indiana: Rubbing the teat and the udder around it with ointment of belladona will tend to lessen the flow of milk from the teat, but as this may involve more than one teat, by taking a light rubber band, half an inch wide, and placing it around the teat, it will prevent the milk from escaping. The band should not be of the strong and heavy kind, but one that will fit snugly and not have too heavy a pressure.

Megrims in Horse.

W. H. C., Moscow: The trouble with your horse that doubles himself up, gets wild and nervous, is a disease of the brain known as megrims. The animal loses temporary control of the muscles, and has slight spasms of the muscles, but there is an absence of inflamation. It is the result of overwork in fat horses, tight or badly fitting collars, exposure to the hot sun, constipation, hereditary tendency, worms, etc. The animal, when at work suddenly stops, reels and trembles, and may fall to the ground, soon staggers to his feet, and while nervous for several hours thereafter, exhibits no positive bad effects from the attack. When you see the animal beginning to shed his coat in the spring, give him 3 drachms of aloes in a pint of warm water. Give no corn, and but little hay, and what you do give of this, see that it is sweet and free from mould. Be careful not to feed him heavily. When you see an attack coming on, stop the animal at once and open or remove the collar. Pour cold water on his head. Bleeding from the jugular is beneficial. The collar should be carefully adjusted so as to have but little pressure on the blood vessels. When the animal has sufficiently recovered take him to the stable and give him a physic of aloes. After this give once a day for two weeks: Bromide of potassium, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, 1 dr. If there are symptoms of worms, the horse must be treated for these. In summer time a shade should at all times be kept over the horse's head to prevent the sun from striking it. While the attack is on, the head should be propped up so as to give the horse the greatest freedom to breath. Promptly loosen anything about his body in the way of harness.

Roup in Fowls.

F. K. Franklin, Nebraska: Your black Spanish and brown Leghorns are troubled with roup. As soon as you see a fowl whose head is swelled or has exudations from the nostrils, remove it from the others. Wash its head with warm milk and inject kerosene oil into the nostrils. Also put two or three drops in the throat. Keep them under cover during damp or wet weather. Wash all the perches with carbolic acid and water, an ounce to the gallon. Clean up everything, as this disease communicates itself to other fowls very quickly. If you cannot get the carbolic acid take a rag and with quick-lime mop the perches. Feed soft feed once a day, a little warm, and give plenty of vegetables. The black Spanish is not as hardy in early life as some other birds, but is a strong bird when it reaches maturity. Of course, the Plymouth Rock with a strong dash of Dominique in it is a vigorous fowl.

Hair Ball.

E. L. W., Quenemo, Kan.: A hair ball may have formed in the stomach of your heifer, as you describe. Hair balls are sometimes found in the stomach and intestines of a horse, the hair accumulating around a metallic or other nucleus. These balls cause the same symptoms and pain as calculus. However, as the ball of which you speak was in the stomach and not in the intestines, it should not have caused death in so short a time as twelve hours. No doubt the animal died of indigestion. Back-raking and an injection of soap and warm water, and a cathartic of ½ of a lb. of salts would have started the bowels into action, after which a tonic of sulphate of iron and gentian would have brought the animal out all right.

Warts on Colts' Nose.

J. E., Springfield, Illinois: Wash the warts with vinegar, and afterward apply unsalted lard. The lard should be applied every day for about three weeks, once in a few days washing it off with soap and warm water. If after the time named the warts have not disappeared or are not going away, paint them with permanganate of potash. The colts should be fed on easily digested food. Give them a mash two or three times a week. Feed no corn, if possible, until the warts are gone. The smaller warts may be snipped off with sharp scissors, and then dressed with unsalted lard. Only a few should be taken off at a time. These excrescences disappear without treatment sometimes, if the health of the animal is good.

Lump on Three-Year-Old Colt.

G. A. B., Buffalo, Mo.: If there was no pus in the lump on your colt's jaw, supposed to have been caused by the halter ring, the soap liniment should have dissipated it if continued a sufficient length of time. The mercury ointment may be of service, but you should have kept on with the soap liniment if the lump showed any signs of lessening, otherwise the more active liniment should be used. If there is pus in the lump, the application named will not remove it. It must be lanced and the matter pressed out, and the part syringed with chloride of zinc, 1 drachm, water, 1 pint. It may be of cancerous growth. In this case it must be dissected out. Make a careful examination, and if the lump is soft in any part, lance it. If not, and the lump is enlarging, write again, describing all about it, or what is better, call a veterinarian, for if it is cancerous, it must be cut out, and if an ordinary callus formation, your treatment is proper.

Cut on Wire.

I. J. N., Palmer, Neb.: Poultice your colt's leg for two or three days with linseed meal poultice. Then wash with soap and warm water, and wash the wound sore with carbolic acid ½ oz., rain water 1 pt., and apply this: Lard 2 ozs., beeswax 2 ozs., rosin 1 oz., carbolic acid ½ oz. Mix the first three and melt. Then add the carbolic acid, stirring till cool. If there is dirt or any other foreign substance in the cut it will not heal until it is removed. If there is proud flesh in the wound it should be touched with nitrate of silver. The treatment above-named will very likely be all that is necessary.

Died of Liver and Kidney Disease.

E. W. B., Ewart, Michigan: The treatment indicated in the case of your steer was to have given: Podophylin, 20 grains; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; sulphate of magnesia, 1 oz.; powdered gentian, 1 oz. Mix in a quart of grain and give every other day until four doses were taken. No corn, but plenty of sweet hay and fresh water. Steer should have been curried and rubbed. After the above treatment, an ounce each of sweet spirits of nitre and solution of acetate of ammonia should have been administered in a pint of linseed tea twice a day for about three days. Cases of this kind must be taken in hand early, or the animal will die, as the entire system becomes disarranged.

Knee Appears Shoved Out and Horse Lame.

E. A., Orono, Michigan: The "spring" in your horse's knee is the result of navicular disease, rheumatism or corns. Examine hoof and see if it is hot or contracted. Also look carefully for corns, as these are a great source of spring knees. These, at present, are found nearly always in the inside heel. If corns are found, after removing the shoe, if there is inflammation, poultice the foot and open the corns to let the pus escape. Pare the seat of the corn, but do not cut the bars of the frog. Then apply this corn plaster: Subacetate of copper, ½ oz.; oil of turpentine, 2 ozs.; yellow wax, ½ lb. Melt together and apply on a piece of sheet. If navicular disease, give a dose of 3 drachms of aloes. Have blood taken from arteries above the coronet and bathe the foot in cold water for an hour each day for about four days, and poultice at night. After this open up the heels, rasp toe in inverted A shape, rub hoof with tar, Burgundy pitch and mutton suet, of each, equal parts; also blister around the coronet. If rheumatism, give nitrate of potash, ½ oz.; powdered calcinoum, 1 drachm; oil of turpentine, ½ oz. Mix with linseed oil and give at one dose, night and morning. Your mode of treatment of the knee was not out of place, but the blistering should have extended along the back tendons. After blistering the animal should have had not less than a month's rest. Perhaps you put him to work too soon.

Steer With Large Lump on Jaw.

H. B. S., Vinton Station, Ohio: Is the bone of the jaw natural, or is it bulged or swollen. If so your steer has big jaw or osteo-sarcoma. If it is not, the swelling and festering may be the result of injury, or it may be a cancerous growth. You are advised to poultice the part, if possible, with linseed meal poultice, for two or three days, keeping the poultice soft all the time. Wash with and then inject nitric acid, 1 oz.; blue vitrol, 3 oz.; soft or rain water, 15 oz. This should be done every day. Of course this will fast for several days. If it is cancer the flesh of the animal should not be used as food. It would be well if the above treatment does not heal the sore, to call a veterinary, as more than an ordinary case may be suspected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

What Does He Do With Them?

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—C. C. Coulter, Perryville, O., gave recipe for sugar-curing hams. He says they will cure in six weeks. Now, what I wish to know is, what he does with them after they are cured? smoke or dry, or leave in pickle? Please inform me and oblige.—A SUBSCRIBER, Niles, Michigan.

Gives Encouraging Figures.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Mr. John R. McLeod gives some very encouraging figures from a 40-acre poultry farm. I have always lived on a farm, and have raised nearly everything that is raised on a farm, but never put my whole attention to any one thing. We raised a good many chickens, sold them at home market and never thought we realized any great profit from them. We had what eggs we wanted to make use of and had a few dozen to take to town each week and get some coffee and sugar. Our breed was mostly Plymouth Rock. In the fall we would sell all we could conveniently spare at home market at three to four cents per pound. As I said before, I never thought we realized enough for them to pay us for our feed and work with them. Now if the ignorant want to learn they must get instruction from the wise, or those that have had experience.

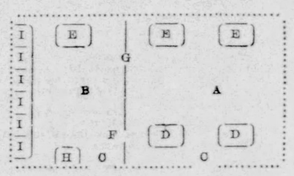
Now I want to ask Mr. McLeod a few questions through this interesting column of THE BLADE, in the way of introduction. How do you do your own shipping? Do you get the name of some commission merchant at your shipping point and send the produce to him, let him dispose of it and send you the profits, or do you go with it and sell it yourself? If so, does one have to be well posted in the art of business to keep others from taking advantage of him and making the expenses balance the profits? The way some business is carried on a man has to be personally acquainted with whom he is dealing to trust him with a dollar. If it is so in your business you are running a risk in getting your boxes back.

If there is any money in raising poultry, it is in some other way than raising it and selling it at home. I have been reading a good deal on poultry; am getting somewhat interested in that business. Would like to hear from you again in regard to shipping.—JAS. R. E STERETT, Hamilton, Illinois.

How to Build a Poultry House.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In the first place, before you can expect hens to lay in the winter, you must have good, warm, comfortable quarters. A building 7x24 is large enough to accommodate 100 hens.

The plan which is printed below represents a building 7 feet wide and 24 feet long. It is divided into two parts; the one is 7x14 for them to roost in. The roosts in this should be 18 inches above the floor and about 18 inches apart. The other part, 7x10, is used for feeding and laying. A door 12 inches square is cut in the partition so the chickens can go from the roosting department to the feeding department without going out doors. A litter is thrown on the floor and the grain is thrown in it, so the chickens will have to scratch for their living, which keeps them in good laying condition, while if you put the feed in boxes where they can run and eat all they can without scratching for it for exercise, they soon get so fat and lazy they will not lay at all. Then the complaint will be: "I feed my hens all they can eat, and yet they do not lay."



A is the roosting part.
B the laying and feeding part.
C is the doors, the entrances of the buildings.
D is the windows, about three feet off the ground.
E is the ventilators, about twelve inches square in the top.
F is a little door twelve inches square in the partition.
G is the partition.
H is the dust bath; right in front of this is a little window; this is for the chickens to dust themselves in.

I is the nesting boxes, about two feet above the floor. There is a board floor on the whole house.

It should be lined with tar paper and battoned on the outside.

HOW TO FEED HENS.

For breakfast, feed a warm mash of bran, with vegetables and scraps from the table mixed with it, and a good supply of fresh clean water.

For dinner, a few pints of oats, wheat, etc., scattered in the litter.

Bonemeal, sand, charcoal, lime, etc., should be kept in boxes. As it is fine the chickens could not get all of it if it were thrown in the litter.

For supper, whole corn, sorghum seed, or sunflower seed. The sunflower seed are as big as corn grains. I have a few to spare. I will send a large package to any one sending me three cents to pay postage.—B. F. KAUPP, Odessa, Missouri.

[Sunflower seed feed, in moderation, is excellent for fowls, Mr. Kaupp, but if given too freely, this kind of food is injurious. Corn should also be fed judiciously. —ED.]

Actual Experience Needed.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I think it nothing more than right that poultry raisers should have their say as well as stock raisers, for I think THE FARM department in THE BLADE is a valuable department, and is worth every farmer's attention, for we all can give valuable information through that department of THE BLADE, and, also, I am under the impression that if there were a department set aside for poultry raisers they could and would be of great service to one another in raising poultry, and the most profitable way of raising and caring for them. I am willing to donate to such a department as often as experience will permit, but if our kind editor gives us space, no one should write anything but actual experience. Guess-work would be only waste of time and paper, and no one would be any the wiser or better for such writing.

As Mr. McConnell is so kind as to tell what he has made from the proceeds of his four dozen fowls, I will tell what we have done since January 1, 1889, up to January 1, 1890. We started with five dozen fowls, from which we sold 323½ dozen of eggs, ranging in price from 8 to 22½ cents per dozen. Total received, $40.42. Our young chickens to the amount of $7.94, and have on hand 123 hens and 24 roosters of last year's raising, which leaves us 147 fowls of last year's raising, worth at present $36.75.

Poultry sold	$7 94
Poultry on hand	36 75
Eggs sold	40 42
Total	$85 11

Cost of feed, such as corn, oats and grass clippings, $25.75, leaving a profit of $58.36. Besides, we used a good many eggs for the family, and killed a good many chickens for family use. A farmer can keep poultry to better advantage and profit than a mechanic, because he most always has waste grain when gathering in his crops that would be a total loss if it were not for his poultry gathering it up and giving back eggs in return.

If this doesn't tire the patience of our kind editor and find its way into the waste basket, I will call again and tell what kind of fowls we have, how we treat them, and how and what we thought of the poultry business two years ago.—S. A. KIESSEY, Burlington, Iowa.

Wants to Ask.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have been reading with much interest the poultry articles in THE BLADE and I desire to add my voice to the many who have already spoken. As for myself I cannot at this time promise to contribute anything, as my knowledge is so limited at this present time I shall have to wait until I know more.

I want to ask those who have poultry, who are readers of THE BLADE, if they know anything about the Houdan breed of fowls. They are something comparatively new, and I wish to know more about them. Will some one tell me what they consider the best fowl for broilers; that is, what fowl grows to the largest size, say at three months old; one that fledges quickly and weighs well at three or four months? I expect to raise my chicks artificially, and any one who has raised poultry in this way will do us a favor by giving us the benefit of their experience. What kind of a brooder do they use, etc.—DAPHNE, Placerville, California.

Will Be Satisfied With the Result.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If Mrs. M. L. R., Rago, Kansas, will get a pure blood Plymouth Rock rooster to mate with her Leghorns, I think she will be satisfied with the result. We have the Leghorns, and a year ago we got a Plymouth Rock rooster, and I think I never saw finer chickens than we had the past summer. The pullets, most of them, are nearly as large again as the Leghorn hens. They began laying in October, and have been laying all winter. We feed corn once a day, but have it well cooked. Give hot water in the morning. Have a warm coop, and we always machinery for fresh eggs.—L. E. W., Arizona. [The cross named makes strong, hardy birds and good layers. Your warm coop is one of the secrets of egg production.—ED.]

Success in the Poultry Business.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I want to tell THE BLADE readers my success in the poultry business. Jan. 1, 1889, I had sixteen hens, twelve Plymouth Rocks and four brown Leghorns. During the year I got 1,295 eggs; hatched 225 young chicks. We have small range. I feed boiled rye, meat scraps from the table and boiled potatoes, corn and some oats. Is this a good yield? I am glad to see a Poultry department.—A READER, Donovan, Illinois. [Yes, the yield is excellent.—ED.]

Osage Plants.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: — C. I. B. is a good ways off on osage plants. The cheapest way as well as saving one-half the time, is to buy of some reliable firm good two-year old plants. Put them in well, and set in rows where you want the fence; by root-pruning you send the growth to the top as well as below, and it is top you want. You always get too much root growth anyway.—SUBSCRIBER.

Spring Preparation.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The time for spring preparation is at hand. Procure a catalogue of some reliable seedman and make a selection of the best varieties of what is needed in the seed line. Select the best. Do not stand for a few cents on a packet of seed, as the best is none too good, and it does not cost any more to raise good things than the commoner kinds, while the best give better profits. Read one or two good agricultural papers, at least, so as to keep posted in regards your business, the improved modes and new varieties, and be up with the times. Make a study of your business, as that is the only way to make farming pay these days of competition. There is little enough in farming, and it takes the wide-awake man to make it profitable. But information is cheap and plenty, there being so many rural papers, and then with institutes free to all, and other means, we ought to keep ourselves well posted and make farming pleasant instead of a drudgery.—PERKINS D. FISHER, Newbury, Ind.

Poultry Corner.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one who keeps chickens in a town tell me the most profitable kind of feed when one has everything to buy, and how much to feed each day to a flock of twenty, when they are kept solely for eggs? Also give symptoms of cholera and other diseases.—KNOW NOTHING.

Raspberries.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As I wish to get a start of the Black Cap raspberries this spring, I would like to hear from some one that has tried growing the Black Cap raspberry in Kansas—whether they do well in this country or not—and would it be best to have the ground well manured to grow them on? I have heard a great deal said about growing by signs, and signs of the moon about planting, and if there is anything in signs, what would be the right time of the moon, and what month to set out fruit trees and bushes to make them bear fruit? Now I would be glad to hear from some one who believes in the signs.—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Received.

Gregory's Retail Catalogue of Warranted Vegetable, Flour and Grain Seeds, grown and sold by James H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass. 1890. Free to all.

OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Explains What He Is Trying to Accomplish—Twenty-eight Thousand Places to be Filled.

[Written for the Blade by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Member of the Civil Service Commission. Copyrighted 1890.]

FIRST let me say that a great many people seem not to know what the words civil service really mean. Properly speaking, the term civil service is used in contradiction to the military service. The soldiers and sailors who follow our flag are in the military service of the country; while all the postmasters, department clerks, custom-house employees and the like, who serve the government as its agents for transacting the ordinary business of the nation, are in Uncle Sam's civil service. Many people speak as if civil service were another and shorter name for civil service reform; and many other people have become so bewildered about the matter—sometimes because they do not think, sometimes because they are misled by the noisy misstatements of the less intelligent or less honest politicians—that they do not seem to understand at all what we mean when we speak of the introduction of civil service reform into American political life.

When our government was first started, with Washington as President, there were comparatively very few appointments to be made, for life was simple, the population sparse and poor, and the governmental system not nearly as complicated as at present. Washington, in filling the few offices that existed, simply strove to find out the best men, and it never entered his head to remove a capable public servant for political reasons. Indeed, Madison, in the constitutional convention, spoke of the possibility of such an act with horror and reprobation.

Thus Washington acted absolutely in accordance with the principles of the merit system, which civil service reformers are trying to reintroduce. It took many years before Washington's successors in the Presidency summoned heart to break completely loose from his example in this matter, though they did not begin to live up to it as he did. But in 1828 Andrew Jackson came into the Presidency. On more than one occasion "Old Hickory," as Jackson was called, rendered vitally important service to the United States, but he did one great deed of evil, for he permitted the introduction into the national government of the political methods that had long been in vogue in New York and in Pennsylvania. These methods were summed up in a pithy sentence by a famous New York politician, when he announced that "to the victors belong the spoils."

THE SPOILS OR PATRONAGE THEORY

of making appointments reigned supreme and unchecked for the next 55 years, and it has only been since 1883 that there has been even a partial return to the older and purer methods practiced by Washington. This effort to purify politics in this particular way is what we mean when we speak of civil service reform. The spoils theory treats the offices not as the property of the people, to be administered solely in their interest and filled by the most competent men, but as the patronage of the dominant party, to be administered in the interest of its most prominent politicians, and to be filled by the most influential among their henchmen.

Instead of giving the position of letter-carrier or clerk to the man best capable of doing good work therein, it is given to him who has shown most

SKILL IN WORKING AT THE PRIMARIES

or the polls. Thus the offices are filled only from one particular class of American citizens—the political class. No man not in politics has any chance of getting an appointment. This was and is an unjust discrimination in favor of a particular class of people. It was therefore—and wherever it exists, is now—essentially un-American and un-Democratic, and moreover it greatly impairs the efficiency of the public service and corrupts public life, for under it the offices are used as if they formed a vast bribery fund to purchase the activity of mercenary politicians. The interested activity of this dread-and-hunger brigade of self-seekers ought to be only in politics for what they can make out of it, is very apt to prove too much for the outsiders, who are merely interested, as all patriotic citizens should be, in seeing honest men elected and decent laws enacted. The average good citizen, absorbed in his own business and domestic life, cannot afford to give more than a certain amount of time to politics, in which he has only the general interest that should influence all men in a republic.

On the other hand, the spoils system, or system of treating offices as so much patronage, has been one of the chief among the causes which have fostered the growth of

A SPECIAL CLASS OF POLITICIANS,

who make their whole livelihood out of politics and who are therefore interested, not in good government, but in turning the government machinery to their own private ends. Men of this stripe invariably regard serving the public as merely another name for feathering their own nests; they live by the prostitution of the public service, and they have a far stronger motive for working with all their might against good government than the general impulse in favor of manliness and honesty which alone actuates the ordinary decent citizen by whom they are opposed.

In consequence they band together and form "rings," supported by powerful machines, with which they overcome their ill-organized foes. Thus it comes about that the spoils system tends inevitably to produce bad government and to minimize the influence of the average citizen in politics; it creates the party boss and ward heelers, and furnishes

A WEAPON READY FORGED

to the hand of a demagogue; and it has done more than any other one cause to lower politics in certain sections and localities, until the very name politician, instead of being, as it should be, a term of honor, has become a word of reproach. The spoilsman is the natural and inveterate enemy of pure and honest government, and those who endeavor to continue him as one of the most powerful factors in political life, however honest their motives, are assuredly working against the most vital interests of our republic.

Could the people at large once be fairly roused to the iniquitous folly of the system—a system no worse and no more stupid than it is base—they would sweep it from existence in a moment's span. It has endured so long and is still able to endure only because the multitude of men who make of politics their sole profession and who have in their hands most of the political machinery thoroughly understand that

TO SURRENDER THE PATRONAGE

is to do away with their power and to lose the vantage ground which they now hold as compared with the average American citizen. They, therefore, fight the reform with the most virulent hatred, and by their constant attacks on those most active in advocating it, and still more by their incessant and malicious misrepresentation, both of the object aimed at and of the methods by which it is sought to be reached, have succeeded in befogging the issue in the minds of many honest men, who, though they hate spoils politics, do not yet understand that they can only be abolished by the introduction of the singularly democratic and practical merit system.

It is therefore necessary, in the first place, to explain what we mean by "merit system," and in the second place to illustrate our explanation by example.

By "merit system" we mean the method of selecting governmental employes by choosing out, without regard to politics or religion, the man who shows to best advantage in passing some kind of examination specially fitted to test his capacity for the place sought. In the end

WE WISH TO EXTEND THE SYSTEM

to all governmental employes; but for the present we have limited it to those having clerical or scientific duties to perform. Of the 28,000 places coming under the civil service law, the great bulk—over 90 per cent—are filled by clerks or by men whose duties are akin to those of clerks. The immense majority of our examinations are held to fill the positions of stenographer, bookkeeper, typewriter, clerk and copyist in the department at Washington, of postal clerk in the railway mail service, of clerk and carrier in the large postoffices and of clerk, inspector and the like in the large custom-houses.

We find that it is easy to make written tests of capacity for men seeking to fill these positions, and so we put them through a set of competitive examinations and have them appointed according to the grade at which they pass. We allow, however, the appointing officers the liberty of exercising to a limited extent the right of rejection, because a certain small proportion—never a large proportion—of the men who pass are unable to properly perform the duties of the places they seek. Before making an appointment, either the commission or the appointing officer makes strict inquiries into the applicant's moral character, and requires him to bring testimonials as to his good standing in the community from reputable citizens, and also a certificate as to his health and physical capacity from some reputable doctor. Moreover, even when the appointment is made it is not final.

THE APPLICANT FIRST SERVES

for a probationary period of six months, and if at the end of that time he has not learned to perform his duties entirely to the satisfaction of his superior officers, he is dismissed. We thus test each man who successfully passes his examination by that best and most practical of all tests, experience, before giving him his final appointment.

Next as possible the written examinations themselves are devised to try a man on exactly the matters in which he must be proficient in order to perfectly perform his duties in the place he seeks. Of course, for some positions we have much harder examinations than for others. To illustrate what I mean, and as samples of the kind of work we do, I will take our examination for the position of copyist in the departments at Washington and for clerk in the railway mail service.

THE EXAMINATIONS.

An applicant for the position of copyist we examine on but four subjects. A copyist must be able to write a good hand, he must be able to spell well, he must be able to copy clearly, both from plain copy and from a rough draft, and he must be able to add, substract, multiply and divide. Accordingly we test him on just these points. He is required to spell twenty

ing $25,000 for the erection of a monument to Major General Henry Knox, at Thomaston, Me. This measure gave rise to a great deal of discussion, and pending action the House at 3:35 p. m. adjourned until Monday.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—In the Senate a petition was presented from the Indianapolis board of trade asking for the repeal of the interstate commerce act. The House bill appropriating $40,000 for the Marion, Ind., branch of the National Soldiers' Home, to be immediately available for the current fiscal year was passed. Senate bill appropriating $300,000 for a site for a public building at New Orleans was passed. Senate bill appropriating $50,000 for a site for a public building at New Orleans was passed. The Senate resumed consideration of the bill to provide a temporary government for the territory of Oklahoma.

In the House the journal was adopted as on previous days. The new rules were reported back and discussed, and pending discussion, the House adjourned.

APPOINTMENTS.

The Latest List Sent in by the President.

The President sent to the senate the following nominations on Feb 6:

PARIS KILBOURNE, to be surveyor of customs at San Francisco.

To be collectors of customs: ALANSON W. BEARD, district of Boston and Charlestown, Mass.;

FRANK A. VAUGHAN, at Saluaria, Texas.

JAMES W. REMICK, to be U. S. attorney for the district of New Hampshire.

United States marshals—Louis T. Barin, district of Oregon; George W. Irvin, district of Montana.

Postmasters—Pennsylvania, John W. Foust, Reynoldsville; David W. Morgan, Franklin. Ohio, Joshua C. Light, Ottawa; Schiller Fogelson, Marietta; Adam M. Rice, Kenton; Andrew D. Braden, Canton; Charles E. Cook, Paulding. George Hall, Lima; Tennessee, Porter, Porter M. Burbank, Dresden. West Virginia, W. H. Fleck, Martinsburg. Louisiana, Dennis M. Foster, Lake Charles. Texas, John W. Hoyt, Brownsville; Charles H. Clements, Denton. Alabama, Leonard. Demopolis. California, Solomon D. Dosworth, Grass Valley. Colorado, Thomas J. Howard, La Junita. Florida, John R. Dewer, Ocenia. Indiana, Jacob P. Pricket, Albion; Henry A. Sneph, Bourbon. Iowa, Omar H. Brooks, Eagle Grove; Wm. H. Birdsall, New Hampton.

Appraisers of Merchandise—L. A. Dodge, Boston; D. C. Clarke, Philadelphia.

The President sent to the Senate, on Feb. 10, the nomination of Charles Emory Smith, of Pennsylvania, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Russia.

Mr. Smith is editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, the leading Republican newspaper of Pennsylvania.

Other nominations were:

Samuel Merrill, of Indiana, to be consul general at Calcutta; J. Fenner Lee, of Maryland, to be secretary of legation at Rio de Janeiro; Harris R. Newberry, of Michigan, to be secretary of legation at Madrid.

United States Consuls—Isiward Bedlos, of Pennsylvania, at Amoy; C. D. Croft, of North Dakota, at Cartagena, United States of Colombia; James B. Dunforth, of Pennsylvania, at Kobi; Ferdinand A. Husher, of Minnesota, at Paras Stanley and St. Thomas; Frank D. X. Hill, of Minnesota, at Montevideo; Henry M. Myers, of South Dakota, at San Salvador; Levi W. Myers, of Iowa, at Victoria, B. C.; Felix A. Matthews, of California, at Tangier; Frederick M. Ryder, of Connecticut, at Quebec, Can.; L. R. Stewart, of Virginia, at San Juan, Porto Rico.

Justices—James O'Brien, of Minnesota, to be chief justice of the Supreme court of New Mexico; Cornelius H. Hangard, to be United States district judge for the district of Washington; George N. Winsell, of Wisconsin, to be United States marshal for the eastern district of Wisconsin.

Withdrawn—John E. Haggart, of North Dakota, United States marshal for the district of North Dakota, he having declined the appointment.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations on Feb. 11: Herman H. Nutwick, to be register of the land office at Chamberlain, S. D.; William T. La Follette, receiver of public monies at Chamberlain, S. D.

CENSUS SUPERVISORS.

The Appointees Selected During the Past Week.

Supervisors of the Census—C. D. Willey, Delaware; C. C. Jones, Second district of Illinois; R. G. Wadlin, Massachusetts; J. S. Wright, First district of Maine; Frank Gilman, Second district of Maine. Michigan—H. C. Tilman, First district; C. H. Wisner, Second district; J. S. Mebride, Third district; D. C. Henderson, Fourth district; James Watson, Fifth district; G. A. Newell, Sixth district. Minnesota—H. J. Miller, First district; E. J. Davenport, Second district; W. H. Johnson, Third district; E. E. Adams, Fourth district. Nebraska—W. S. Randall, First District; J. B. Brunsteed, Second District; T. P. Cook, Third District. New Hampshire—E. B. Huse. New Jersey—A. B. Pearse, First District; J. Brunsted, Second District; R. T. Starr, Third District. New York—C. H. Murray, First District. Ohio—I. M. Kirby, First District; J. E. Dever, Second District; Lot Wright, Third District; Max Sternberger, Fourth District; S. H. Peterman, Fifth District; T. M. Beer, Sixth District; J. Wood, Seventh District; W. Greenel, Eighth District. Oregon—J. W. Strange, Second District.

Pennsylvania—R. B. Beath, First District; J. B. Landis, Second District; J. H. White, Third District; B. B. Dimeler, Fourth District; Wm. Bricker, Sixth District; D. G. Alter, Seventh District; G. W. Hood, Eight District; Rhode Island, A. Williams; Tennessee, J. G. Parks, Second District; Lincoln, A. S. Condry. Washington, W. D. Jenkins, First District; West Virginia, G. M. Bowers, First District; Wisconsin, L. B. Noyes, Fourth District.

CONFIRMATIONS.

Appointments to Office that Have Been Acted on by the Senate.

Principal Clerk of Surveys in General Land Office—M. M. Rose of Ohio. District Attorneys—F. P. Mays, District of Oregon; L. E. Parsons, jr., Northern and Middle Districts of Alabama.

United States Marshals.—Frank Hitchcock, for the Northern District of Illinois; J. F. Tracy, for Western District of Missouri; J. R. Simmons, for Southern District of Ohio; J. Wigmore, for Northern District of Louisiana. Assistant Surgeon in Marine Hospital Service—G. R. Young, of New York. Consuls—E. O. Frecht, of Michigan, at Piedras Negras; Thos. McDermott, of Tennessee, at St. Thomas, West Indies; A. G. W. Pepper, of Ohio, at Milan.

Collectors of Customs—J. R. Berry, San Diego, California; W. H. Saxton, New London, Connecticut; J. M. Clark, Chicago. Assistant Blanche K. Bruce, recorder of deeds, District of Columbia; Elihu Coleman, United States attorney for the Eastern district of Wisconsin; George T. Hammer, postmaster, Bristol, Tenn.

Our Militia.

The report of Adjutant General Kelton upon the militia force of the United States was sent to the Senate on Feb. 5. It shows the strength of the militia of the states to consist of 7,697 commissioned officers, 91,373 enlisted men and 7,208,498 not organized, but available for military duty; of the territories, 214 officers, 2,365 men and 101,673 available; of the District of Columbia, 141 officers, 1,620 men and 42,000 available, making a grand total for the United States of 8,052 officers, 193,290 men, and 7,352,-171 available. Several of the states either have no regular militia, or have made no report to the adjutant general. Among these states are Arkansas, Florida, South Dakota and Washington. New York is the banner militia state, with 743 commissioned officers, 13,473 men and 650,-000 available; Pennsylvania following with 628 officers, 7,865 men and 659,905 available. Ohio ranks third, having 373 officers, 4,744 enlisted men and 000,000 available.

The World's Fair.

The House committee on the World's Fair held a meeting on February 5, and adopted the bill of the subcommittee with a few verbal changes and with one important amendment. This amendment consists of a provision for an appropriation of $1,500,000 for the erection of a building for government exhibits.

Mr. Frank, of Missouri, urged the importance of speedy action, and upon his motion a sub-committee was appointed, composed of Messrs. Chandler, Hitt, Hatch and Wilson, and instructed to immediately frame and report to the full committee a bill providing for a scheme of procedure in the House.

Alaska Seal Fisheries.

A bill was reported in the Senate Feb. 5, relating to the Alaska seal fishery. It authorizes the secretary of the treasury, after advertising for thirty days, to lease for twenty years from May 1, 1890, the right to engage in the business of taking fur seals on the islands of St. Paul and St. George. The annual rental for this right shall not be less than $50,000 per annum, and, in addition, a revenue tax or duty of not less than $4 50 on each skin shipped from the islands.

Favorable to Idaho.

The Senate committee on Territories has directed Chairman Platt to favorably report the bill for the admission of Idaho as a state, and it will be reported to the Senate on Wednesday, Feb. 12.

A favorable report was also ordered on Senator Cullom's bill approving the funding act of Arizona. An amendment by the committee extends the life of the bonds from 25 to 50 years.

The President's Trip.

President Harrison will arrive in Pittsburg on Thursday, February 13. In the afternoon he will hold a public reception at the Court house, and in the evening he will participate in the dedication of the Carnegie Library in Allegheny City. He will be the guest of the Duquesne club.

SUPREME COURT CENTENNIAL.

A Grand Celebration in New York on February 5th.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of the United States Supreme Court was held in New York city on the 5th inst. The chief addresses were by ex-President Cleveland, ex-minister to England Phelps and Associate Justice Field. While the calamity in Washington prevented the attendance of the President and his cabinet, the celebration was a worthy memorial of the formal opening of the first Supreme court a hundred years ago to New York city, with John Jay as chief justice, with William Cushing, of Massachusetts, John Blair, of Virginia, Robert H. Harrison, of Maryland, and James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, as his associates on the bench.

The court, during the century of its existence, has been singularly free from the suspicion of corruption or partisanship. The great trouble with it to-day is that we impose too much labor upon it and expect too much for the comparatively small remuneration which we give these public servants. For instance, under Washington's administration, when the population of the country was only four millions, there were five judges of the Supreme court. Now that we have sixty millions of people, or fifteen times as many as there were in 1790, we only have four more supreme judges. It is true that the creation of the United States District courts has gone forward in greater proportion, but still the business which falls on the Supreme court is not only actually greater in volume than it was one hundred years ago, but relatively is vastly greater when we bear in mind the fact that the judges are only less than twice as numerous.

Sent Ingalls a Bomb.

Some miscreant who lives in Jackson, Mississippi, sent through the mails to Senator Ingalls a heavily loaded buckshot cartridge on which was written, "Election pills for Old Cuff; or for Ingalls, from Jackson, Mississippi."

The primer of the cartridge was unguarded and although the missile was enclosed in a light cardboard box it is regarded as wonderful that the murderous warning did not explode while in transit.

The cartridge contained nine heavy buckshot and an extra charge of powder. An investigation will at once be set on foot by the Postoffice department as to the identity of the sender, who will, if discovered, be prosecuted with the utmost vigor for sending explosives through the mails. Ingalls laughs at the affair, and refers to the cartridge as the truly southern Democratic political argument.

Randall's Condition.

Randall's friends are expressing grave doubts about his recovery and those close to him state that they never again expect to see the sturdy Democratic leader on the floor of the House. The bulletins from the sick room are conflicting and only lead to the belief that his condition is much worse than the physicians care to state.

The Samoan Treaty.

The Senate, on Feb. 5, ratified the Samoan treaty with but 12 dissenting votes.

FOREIGN.

PARLIAMENT OPENED.

The Queen's Speech to Her Lords and "Gentlemen."

Parliament reassembled on Feb. 11. The queen's speech opening the session was read by commission. It is as follows:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN—Our relations with other powers continue friendly.

An armed force, under a Portuguese officer, was dispatched during the autumn from Mozambique into territory where British settlements had been formed and where there are native tribes who have been taken under my protection.

A collision attended by bloodshed took place and acts were committed which were inconsistent with the respect due the British flag. The Portugese government now, at my request, has promised to withdraw its military forces from the territory in question.

A conference of the powers interested in the suppression of the slave trade, has been convoked at Brussels by the king of the Belgians. I earnestly hope the results of its deliberations will advance the great cause for which it assembled.

A commercial convention has been concluded with the Khedive.

A commercial arrangement for the adjustment of pressing fiscal questions has been made with Bulgaria.

The convention concluded by me with the emperor of Germany and the United States, with respect to the government of Samoa, will be laid before you with the protocols of the conference. The treaty concluded with the United States for the establishment of the law of extradition, will also be submitted to you. The latter awaits the ratification of the United States Senate.

Ireland's Case.

The continued improvement of affairs in Ireland, and the further diminution of agrarian crime there, has made it possible to very largely restrict the area where it is necessary to deal with certain offenses by summary process. Proposals for increasing, under due financial precaution, the number of occupying owners; for extending to Ireland the principles of local self government which already have been adopted in England and Scotland, so far as they are applicable to Ireland, and for improving the material well-being of the population in the poorer districts will be submitted to you.

The bill facilitating and cheapening the transfer of land in England, will be again presented.

Provisions will be submitted to you for diminishing the difficulty and cost which attend the passage of private legislation required for Scotland.

A bill improving the course of procedure, by which tithes are levied and facilitating their redemption, will be submitted.

I have appointed a commission to report the best means of improving the economic conditions which affect the inhabitants of some parts of the western highlands and the islands of Scotland.

Your attention will again be invited to the bill to ascertain the liability of employers for accidents to employes and the measure improving the course of procedure for the winding up of the affairs of insolvent companies under the limited liability acts.

A FRENCH PRETENDER.

He Returns to France Against the Law, and is Jailed.

By prompt action the French government on February 7, nipped in the bud what was apparently intended to be a royalist *coup d'etat*, modeled after Louis Napoleon's return descent on Boulogne, and the only consequence is that the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of the Count of Paris, is in custody.

The Duke in Luck.

It is reported that the government has decided that the Duke of Orleans shall be sentenced on Wednesday to two years' imprisonment, whereupon President Carnot will immediately pardon him and he will be escorted to the frontier and shown out of the country.

THE MODUS VIVENDI.

The Canadian Government has Taken no Action on Its Renewal.

Although the modus vivendi arrangement expires on Friday next, February 14, the government according to Sir John Macdonald, has made no decision regarding its renewal. It is acknowledged on all hands that the arrangement has worked well, but to make it possible for the government to continue, its consent would have to be gained from parliament. Should the government decide to issue licenses this year the requisite authority can be speedily secured.

Gen. Salamanca Dead.

Gen. Salamanca, captain general of the island of Cuba, died at Havana on the evening of February 6. From 4 o'clock in the afternoon to the hour of his death he suffered from a complete cessation of the functions of the liver and kidneys. All the authorities of the island were at the palace when he died. The last sacrament was administered to the captain general a few minutes before death occurred.

East African Colonization.

Major Liebert, who is temporarily filling the place in Berlin made vacant by the appointment of Major Wissmann as imperial commissioner to East Africa, will shortly go to Zanzibar to confer with Major Wissmann in regard to plans for the future colonization of East Africa.

Took a Holiday.

Feb. 5 being the anniversary of the adoption of the constitution of the republic, was observed as a national holiday in Mexico. All business houses and government offices were closed.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE SIOUX RESERVATION.

The Rush Following the President's Proclamation Declaring It Open.

The President signed the proclamation opening the Sioux reservation in South Dakota, on Feb. 10. He has also issued an order establishing land offices at Pierre and Chamberlain.

Until Feb. 11, Indian Agent Anderson proposed to eject all boomers who had entered the reservation because he had received no official notice of the President's proclamation, but the notice came at last, and the rush continues.

Settlers arrived at all hours of the night, and on the 11th the landscape west of Chamberlain, S. D., was thickly dotted with buildings in course of erection. Companies are being organized that will leave for the interior of the reservation for the purpose of locating town sites along White river.

When the announcement of the proclamation came on Feb. 10, it was received with booming cannon and the wildest excitement.

Immediately representatives of the various combinations sent to Chamberlain for the purpose of securing this tract were in motion, and teams with loads of lumber were at once started on a dead run across the river but it was evident plainly that the local town site boomers had secured an important advantage by reason of their closer proximity to the lands.

It was a grand sight, viewed from the high bluffs on the east side of the river, to see the teams with their great lumber loads dashing across the river on a dead run, up the bluff on American Island and finally being lost to sight in the heavy timber which covers the island, and several thousand people gathered on the bluff to see as many more take part in this exciting event.

It took but a few minutes for the several sections on the valuable bottom to be literally covered with claimants, and it will take a score of Philadelphia lawyers to solve the problem as to who are the rightful owners.

While this rush and conflict was going on for the bottom lands many other intending settlers rushed promptly into the island and began at once the erection of houses, and these are prepared to defend their rights as against later settlers determinedly guarding against any invasion of their lands.

The local town-siters who got the advantage of the other boomers for the possession of the town site have arranged for representation in nearly fifty different branches of business. Inside of 48 hours the buildings will have been erected and everything in running order, with a population of between 2,000 and 3,000.

The great difficulty with them will be in their inability to transfer and give titles to lands. It is estimate that the proclamation came at this time, as a few weeks later crossing would be dangerous. With the river filled with floating ice, accidents would certainly have happened.

[Dispatches from Pierre show a repetition of the scenes above mentioned.]

The Proclamation.

After reciting the provisions of the act of congress and the acceptance of the same by the Indians, the President, in his proclamation, says:

Each member of the Ponca tribe of Indians now occupying a part of the old Ponca reservation, within the limits of the said great Sioux reservation, shall be entitled to allotments upon said old Ponca reservation, in quantities as therein set forth, and that which allotted to the Ponca tribe of Indians, and to such other Indians allotments are provided for by this act, shall have been made upon that portion of said reservation which is described in the act entitled "An act to extend the northern boundary of the state of Nebraska," approved March 2S, 1882, the President shall, in pursuance of said act, declare that the Indian title is extinguished to all lands described in said act not so alloted hereunder, and thereupon all lands not so alloted and included in the act of March 2S, 1882, shall be open to settlement as provided in this act.

If any land in said great Sioux reservation is occupied and used by any religious society at the date of said act for the purpose of missionary or educational work among the Indians, whether situated outside of or within the limits of any of the separate reservations, the same, not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres in any one tract, shall be granted to said society for the purposes and upon the terms and conditions therein named; and, subject to all the conditions and limitations in said act contained, it is hereby provided that all the lands in the great Sioux reservation outside of the separate reservations described in said act, except American Island, Farm Island and Niobrara Island, to which islands special provisions are therein made, and sections 16 and 36 in each county thereof (which are reserved for school purposes) shall be disposed of by the United States upon the terms, at the prices and in the manner therein set forth, to actual settlers only, under the provisions of the homestead law (except section 2301 thereof) and under the law relating to town sites.

The first section of the act provides "that all persons who, between February 27, 1885, and April 17, 1885, in good faith, entered upon or made settlements with intent to enter the same under the homestead pre-emption laws of the United States upon any part of the great Sioux reservation lying east of the Missouri river, and known as the Crow Creek and Winnebago reservation, which, by the President's proclamation of date February 10, 1890, was declared to be open to settlement, and not included in the new reservation established by section 6 of this act, and who, being otherwise legally entitled to make such settlements, located or attempted to locate thereon homestead, pre-emption, or town site claims by actual settlement, and improvement of any portion of such lands, shall, for a period of ninety days after the proclamation of the President required to be made by this act, have a right to re-enter upon said claims and procure title thereto under the homestead or pre-emption laws of the United States and complete the same as required therein, and that said claims shall, for such time, have a preference over the later entries; and when they shall have in other respects shown themselves entitled and shall have complied with the law regulating such entries, and paid the home-stead, with special provisions of this act, they shall be entitled to have said lands and patents therefor shall be issued as in like cases; provided, that pre-emption claimants shall reside on their lands for the same length of time before procuring title as homestead claimants under this act. The price to be paid for town site entries shall be such as is required by law in other cases and shall be paid into the general fund provided for by this act.

It is furthermore hereby made known that there has been and is hereby reserved from entry or settlement that tract of land now occupied by the agency and school buildings at the Lower Brule Agency. There is also reserved the tract within which the Cheyenne River Agency school and certain other buildings are located.

In pursuance of the provisions contained in section 1 of said act, the tract of land situate in the state of Nebraska and described in said act as follows, to-wit: "Beginning at a point on the boundary line between the state of Nebraska and the territory of Dakota, where the range line between ranges 44 and 45 west of the sixth principal meridian, in the territory of Dakota, intersects said boundary line; thence east along said boundary line five miles; thence north five miles; thence due west ten miles; thence due north to said boundary line; thence due east along said boundary line to the place of beginning," same is constituted in a state of reservation so long as it may be needed for the use and protection of the Indians receiving rations and annuities at the Pine Ridge Agency.

By executive order two land offices have been established in the territory recently ceded to the United States by the Sioux Indians. The land office for the Northern district is located at Pierre, and for the Southern district at Chamberlain. The boundaries of the Chamberlain district are as follows: Beginning at a point on the southern boundary of the state of South Dakota, at the southeast corner of the Black Hills land district, thence north on the eastern boundary line of said land district to a point where the line of the second standard parallel north, when extended west from the Missouri river, intersects said eastern boundary of the Black Hills, thence east on said standard parallel to the east bank of the Missouri river, thence following the bank of said river down to a point where the second standard parallel intersects said river at a point in range seventy three west; thence east on said parallel to the northeast corner of township 108 north, range 68 west; thence south between townships 67 and 68 west to the southeast corner of township 106 north, range 68 west; thence east on the line between townships 105 and 106 north, to the northeast corner of township 105 north, range 67 west; thence south of the line between ranges 66 and 67 west to the base line between townships 100 and 101 north; thence west on said base line to the Missouri river; thence along the same, southeasterly, to the 43d parallel, thence crossing the Missouri river and running due west to the place of beginning. The boundaries of the Pierre district are described as follows: Beginning at a point on the north bank of the Missouri river in townships 109 north, where the range line between ranges 79 and 74 west intersects the same; thence running north on a line between ranges 73 and 74 west, to the third standard parallel north; thence west to the east boundary of the Fort Sully military reservation; thence southeast to the southwest corner of said reservation to the Missouri river; thence up the east bank of the said river standard parallel when extended to the 102d meridian; thence south along said meridian to the northern boundary of the land district as last above described; thence along said north boundary of said last named land district to the place of beginning. All that part of the county lying south of the 43d parallel, north latitude, is added to the O'Neill Nebraska land district, and the jurisdiction of the state of Nebraska is extended over it. The Black Hills, the Huron and the Mitchell land districts are changed so as to conform to the districts above described.]

The Lottery Bill.

The North Dakota lottery scheme suddenly culminated on February 11. At the afternoon session George Walsh, of Grand Forks, moved that it be indefinitely postponed, and the Senate so advised. The motion was unanimously adopted.

FLOODS IN THE PACIFIC STATES

The Heavy Coat of Snow Melting Under Warm Rains—Damage Done.

During the last days of January, the heavy snowdrifts in the Pacific states began to melt because of milder weather, and on January 31, an unusually heavy rain set in. The little streams quickly became torrents.

The water in the city of Portland, Ore., was the highest known since 1876, but was confined to a comparatively small district and, although causing much inconvenience, has occasioned no serious damage. The flood was caused by the simultaneous rising of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, which are usually at the high stage several months apart.

The main flood was in the Willamette, but the unusual stage of water in the Columbia prevented the former river running off as it usually does. More serious damage has been occasioned throughout the Willamette valley than at Portland. Bridges were carried away at Salem and Oregon City, and many small houses built near the river were washed away.

The Willamette river, at Tacoma, is higher than for twenty years past. Many bridges are threatened and there has been great damage done in the entire valley.

On the line of the numerous tributaries of the Rogue river many small ranches have been badly damaged, if not ruined, and miles of fencing have been swept away. Much of the best soil in the lower valley have been washed down to gravel and bedrock, and the spectacle of the fields flooded, roads washed out, and bridges and culverts demolished is common.

The fertile Bear Creek region has not escaped the visitation. The heart of the valley has presented the appearance of a turbid sea for days, and communication between its towns has been almost suspended by the swollen foot-hill streams. Bear Creek itself has borne along a great deal of wreckage, besides fences, outbuildings and even barns and houses, and had wrought much destruction in undermining the deep sluices that compose its banks.

In the Applegate region there are a few bridges left. Many people were obliged to leave their homes for safety. Great damage has been done to the mining interests of the section by the burstings of dams and reservoirs, the breaking and filling of ditches and the losses of flume-boxes and machinery.

The Oregon & California railroad's track in Southern California has been washed away for miles, and the roadbed is seriously damaged along the whole line. There has not been a mail from either the north or the south for several weeks. No estimate can be made of the loss to the country in bridges and private property. Hundreds of thousands of dollars will not cover it.

A Town Wiped Out.

The town of Burke, Idaho, in the Cœur d'Alene mining district, has been nearly destroyed by disastrous avalanches. Half of the business houses are in ruins. Three men were killed, and the terror-stricken inhabitants fled to the towns of Gem and Wallace, fearing a repetition of the disaster.

The ill-fated town lies in a narrow gulch, through which Canyon creek pours its waters into the south fork of the Cœur d'Alene. It had about 200 inhabitants, who deserted their wrecked or menaced homes and places of business.

Dashed Them to Death.

On Feb. 4 a disastrous avalanche swept down upon a boarding-house connected with the Custer mine, which is situated upon Nine-Mile Creek, about five miles from Burke. The boarding-house was full of miners, six of whom were killed, the others had a narrow escape, and a number were more or less injured. The disasters are not a surprise to those familiar with the topography of that section. The towns are situated in very narrow gulches, on either side of which abrupt mountains arise.

The Coeur d'Alene mining district is one of the richest in the world both for gold and silver. It includes the famous Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines, perhaps the greatest fissure vein in America. The principal town is Wallace. The other towns are Warduer, Osborne, Burke and Gem.

Additional Particulars.

The extent of the damage by the late rains to the Oregon & California railroad between Ashland and Roseburg, 150 miles north, cannot be estimated even approximately, but is very heavy. The railroad from Grant's pass to Roseburg is reported one continuation of slides.

The streams all over southern Oregon are reported as high if not higher than in 1861. A report reached Ashland on Feb. 6 from Glendale of an immense slide on the railroad half a mile south of the west fork in Cow Creek canyon. The slide came from a high mountain down to the bottom of the canyon, a distance of 800 or 1,000 feet, covering the track and filling the canyon. The report says trees are standing on the slide the same as they were when it started from the summit.

The water backed up in the canyon for a distance of miles, is 500 feet wide, and from 50 to 75 feet deep. Tunnel 3 is completely buried in water. The creek is trying to cut through the slide, but the earth is jammed in so tight that so far it has not given away.

QUESTION OF TRUSTS.

A Bitterly Contested Case at Nebraska City, Neb.

Some time ago suit was instituted in the Supreme court against the Nebraska Distilling company of Nevada city, which has been in the whisky trust and idle for nearly two years. The suit was brought to compel the company to resume work or forfeit its charter under the anti-trust law.

About a week previous G. L. Woolsey, president of the Nebraska Distilling Co., announced that he purchased all said company's stock owned by the trust and had organized the Nebraska Milling and Malting company. On Feb. 4, the attorneys prosecuting the suit, claimed to have learned that a man had been sent from Peoria to remove the machinery. An injunction restraining the Nebraska Distilling company from interfering with the machinery during the pending of the suit in the Supreme court was argued and granted. The case will be contested.

Action Taken by the Colored People of Bessemer, Ala.

For several days the negroes of Bessemer, Ala., have been holding meetings and discussing Senator Butler's bill. The meetings have been largely attended by the best and most intelligent element of the colored people of the town. On Feb. 5, they gave to the press the following address, which will also be forwarded to the Senate and House of Representatives at Washington:

"We, the negroes here, have been holding meetings favoring the separation of negroes and the immigration of the colored people to the Congo Free State in Africa, and we hope that Senator Butler's bill will pass Congress. We want to go back to our own country where we belong. We know that it will be better for the colored people and we hope that it will benefit the white people.

"We know that we are a great political trouble here. We are sorry, but cannot help it. Time has brought this on us. Let knowledge now have her way, and and knowledge says 'go,' and we will go if the government will pass the bill.

"In our meetings some have objected that the government will want its money back and take bonds on the state that we would found, and it would take us seventy-five or a hundred years to pay for it.

"Other members say that this is not the object of the bill, but there will be a donation of money to the Colonization society."

Many negroes in this section are enthusiastic in their support of Butler's immigration scheme.

To Starve Out the Disease.

Since February 1, Mrs. T. W. Burritt, of Racine, Wisconsin, has not tasted food—solid or liquid. Mrs. Burritt for a long time has been an sufferer from dyspepsia, and was unable to secure relief by medicines Made desperate by her sufferings, she determined to try fasting as a remedy, and for three weeks as the period she would abstain from all food. At the end of the seventh day she appeared strong and in very good health. The first two or three days of the fast she was somewhat weak and experienced a craving for food, but now she has in a great measure recovered from both. She has no doubt that she will accomplish her self-imposed task.

To Carry Dressed Beef.

The agents of the Johnston line of steamships to London and Liverpool have made arrangements to carry dressed beef from Baltimore. A force of mechanics are now at work on the Queensmore, erecting refrigerator apparatus and cold storage apartments. It is expected to send over 800 carcasses on the Queensmore to Liverpool. The Rossmore will be similarly fitted up on her return to that port.

MORMONS KNOCKED OUT.

A Victory for the Gentiles in Salt Lake City.

The polls at Salt Lake City closed at 6 o'clock p. m., Feb. 10, and the Liberal leaders posted a bulletin in the windows of their headquarters claiming a majority of 1,200. The news soon spread over the city and the Gentiles took possession of the city. Flags were run up. Every Gentile building in the city was decorated with flags and lanterns, and fireworks were sent up from hundreds of the house-tops, cannons boomed and bonfires were seen upon every corner, and hundreds of men in line paraded the streets with drums and torches shouting like wild men over their victory.

No such scene was ever witnessed in Utah as was seen in Salt Lake that night. The Mormons remained in-doors, and had nothing to say on the result except that the election was carried by fraud, and that they will surely contest it. They admitted their defeat, but claimed that the majority will not exceed 400.

At 10 o'clock the crowds on the streets became so great that the street cars were compelled to stop running, and all the traffic was suspended. The excitement run high, and the celebration continued until this morning. Notwithstanding the great excitement the spirit of good nature prevails and there is no disposition shown to quarrel or raise a disturbance. The saloons were all closed and not a single drunken man could be seen.

Speaking editorially upon the contest, Judge C. C. Goodwin, of the *Tribune*, says: "A great wave of thankfulness is sweeping over Utah to-day. The blow delivered yesterday upon Mormonism as a political power was a terrible one, and the news of it will strike upon thousands of hearts as a visible answer to prayers. February 10, 1890, marks an epoch in Utah's history. To the mental vision of old narrow fanatics it will seem almost one of those cataclysms which science denominates a geological period.

"They will be forced to pause and ask themselves if it is possible for all these years they have been mistaken, and their hearts will be very sore, and we believe that on the other hand twice ten thousand women who are bound in the toils of Mormonism will, while kissing their babes to sleep to-night, thank God that the cup they were forced to drink will be dashed from their children's lips; we believe that the great body of Utah young people will rejoice openly or secretly as to the result. In the hearts of the Gentiles, who have waited and watched and worked for this day, the thought is one of exultation and profound thanksgiving.

"They have not worked with selfish motives. They have never, from the first, asked aught except that the Mormon power would assimilate itself to American laws, they have never worked for anything except that they believed would be of as much benefit to Mormons as to themselves. The struggle has been to Americanize Utah and the central stake of the state's kingdom passed out of saintly control; the Americans are able to point proudly to their reward here, which is not stained by one wrong done by them, and which was simply one mighty and long continued struggle to make the triumph."

Everything is quiet at noon to-day. Business has resumed its normal condition, and were it not for the decorations upon the houses of the Gentile citizens there would be no indication of the great political battle which closed last night.

Official Returns.

Official returns give George A. Scott, Gentile, for mayor, a majority of 809; Louis Hyams, Gentile, for recorder, 539; J. B. Walden, Gentile, for treasurer, 659; E. B. Clute, Gentile, for assessor, 466; J. M. Young, Gentile, for marshal, 773.

The remainder of the Gentile ticket, including 15 councilmen, are elected by majorities ranging from 300 to 400. This gives them control of the municipal council for the first time in the history of the city.

KANSAS FARMERS.

They Ask the Legislature to Save Them From the Money Sharks.

Petitions emenating from the headquarters of the Farmers' Alliance are being circulated throughout Kansas the state praying the governor to convene the legislature in extra session. The petition sets forth that there exists among Kansas farmers "very great financial embarrassment and asks that the legislature be called to give relief to them by the passage of a law providing for the relief of the farmer by giving the mortgager of a homestead at least two years in which to occupy and redeem it, if possible, after sale of mortgaged premises, and to provide, also, for a stay of execution of all judgments on promissory notes and mortgages, bonds, etc., for a reasonable time after judgment, without bond. Another petition is in circulation asking that a special session be called to amend railroad laws and compel the companies to lower their transportation rates.

Grip in the Lumber Camps.

An old lumberman of Osqkosh, Wisconsin, who has just returned from the logging camps, says: "Never in my experience as a lumberman have I seen logging operations so retarded at this time of the year. The snow is deep in the woods, but the weather has been most unfavorable. In one of the camps, out of a crew of over 60 men nearly one-half were completely prostrated with the grip. The disease does not seem to have reached the lumber districts until recently, but its ravages are terrible. Being far from medical aid the lumbermen are, of course, denied many of the remedies which are prescribed by physicians, and although everything possible is done for their comfort their surroundings are such that they are, as a rule, laid up for a greater length of time than persons similarly afflicted in the cities and towns."

Crop and Live Stock.

The report of the secretary of the Kansas state board of Agriculture for 1889, places the valuation of the winter wheat crop of last year at $19,842,-173 77; the corn crop, at $51,649,876 10; and the oat crop, at $5,154,512 73. The value of all agricultural products of 1889 was $104,572,498. The value of the live stock for the year 1889 is $116,126,466, the figures being as follows: Horses, $57,-551,520; mules and asses, $8,132,130; milk cows, $13,023,936; other cattle, $2,-667,654; sheep, $734,632 50; swine, $10,-607,707 50.

Missouri Prohibs.

At the convention of the state prohibition party, at Sedalia, Mo., on Feb. 5, the committee on organization reported recommending that the state be thoroughly organized by counties. The platform denounces the maintainance of the liquor traffic, the high license laws of Missouri and the local option laws, and national. About 100 delegates from the Republican, Democratic and Prohibition, also the Farmers' and Laborers' Union parties were present.

Recent Deaths.

On Feb. 4, in West Brookfield, Mass., Rev. Bowman Stone, brother of Lucy Stone Blackwell, aged 79; in Washington, Rear Admiral Stephen P. Quackenbush, U. S. N., retired, aged 67; in Toledo, O., Frederick Eaton, a millionaire merchant; Bichalet, the famous European meteorologist, is dead; at San Lucar, Spain, Feb. 4, Antoine Philippe Paulippe Louis d'Orleans, duke of Montpenster, aged 66.

Pulpit and the Press.

The libel suit of Rev. Dr. Ball for $25,000 damages, against the New York *Evening Post*, growing out of the Presidential campaign of 1884, was tried on February 7 at Buffalo. Mr. Ball had attacked Mr. Cleveland's personal character publicly, and the *Evening Post* has paid its respects to Mr. Ball for having done so. The jury returned a verdict of "No cause for action."

Grover Cleveland Not Unanimously Elected.

At a meeting of the society of Medical Jurisprudence at New York, February 10, an attempt was made to defeat the election of Grover Cleveland to honorary membership. He was, however, finally elected, only two dissenting votes being recorded.

Pig Iron Kelley's Successor.

The Fourth Pennsylvania Congressional district Republican convention on Feb 5, nominated State Senator John E. Reyburn for the vacancy in congress caused by the death of Wm. D. Kelley. There was no opposition. The election will be held on the 18th inst. The district is strongly Republican.

Pendleton's Remains.

The United States steamer Enterprise, which has on board the body of Mr. George H. Pendleton, sailed from Madeira for Bermuda on Saturday.

BURNED TO THE GROUND.

Ten Thousand Cartridges Discharged During the Fire.

Washington hall which occupies a plot of ground 400 by 600 feet in size, at Patterson, N. J., was burned to the ground at about 2 o'clock on the morning of February 8. The loss will not fall much short of $300,000. A ball was in progress when the fire was discovered, but all the guests got out in safety, some, however, leaving their valuable wraps behind them.

The fire originated in the basement of the building, and it was only when dense smoke made its way into the ball room that the guests were aware of their great danger. The building was three stories high. The first floor was occupied as offices and stores.

The armory of the First battalion, N. G. N. J., and the ballroom were situated on the second floor, and the rooms of Ivanhoe lodge, F. and A. M., were on the top floor.

At about 2:40, when the fire was at its height, a rapid discharge of musketry took place, frightening every one away from the building.

This was caused by the ignition of 10,-000 rounds of cartridges in the armory. The fusilade was kept up for some time, the bullets flying in all directions. No one was hurt, however. The flames spread to a large, three-story building adjoining, which was entirely destroyed, entailing losses footing up $20,000 on a number of families who lived therein.

Other Fires.

On Feb. 4, in Lansdale, Pa., the Abraham Cox & Co. stove works, $75,000; in Portland, Me., Feb. 5, several large wharves and other property, $90,000; in Brooklyn, N. Y., building of the American Matting company, $200,000; in Brooklyn, Feb. 6, the factory of the Greenland Matting company and several tenement houses, $250,-000; in Rochester, N. Y., box factory of J. K. Hunt, $50,000.

GOV. FLEMING INAUGURATED.

He Says That in Making the Contest He Only Did His Duty by the People.

Governor A. B. Fleming was inaugurated governor of West Virginia, on Feb. 7, the ceremonies taking place at the main entrance to the State